

The TATLER

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March 10, 1937



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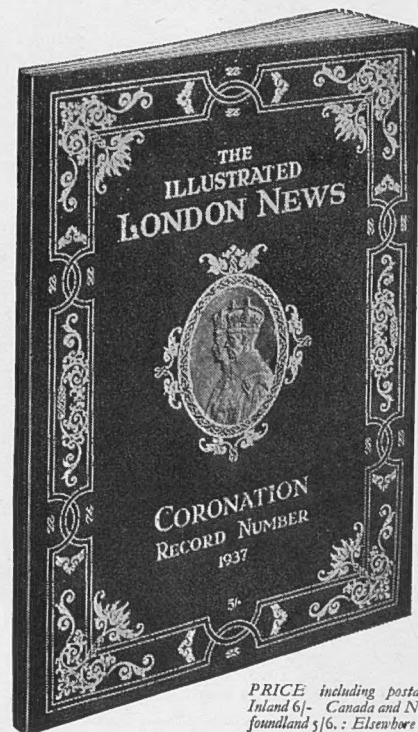
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The Cover of the Coronation Record Number of "The Illustrated London News" is of rich blue, with an attractive leather finish surface with border decoration based upon a rare Canevari binding of 1534 preserved in the British Museum. Many articles in the Record Number will tell its readers everything they want to know about the celebration of the Crowning of our King and Queen. These Articles are fully illustrated with appropriate portraits and other illustrations. *Here are the titles of the*

MAGNIFICENT COLOUR PLATES

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. IN
CORONATION ROBES
From the Picture by Albert H. Collings, R.B.A., R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY:
THE RECOGNITION
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY:
THE ACT OF CROWNING
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY:
THE HOMAGE
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE KING'S CORONATION ROBES; THE
CRIMSON ROBE OF STATE, WITH THE CAP OF
MAINTENANCE; THE GOLDEN IMPERIAL
MANTLE, WITH ST. EDWARD'S CROWN; AND
THE ROBE OF PURPLE VELVET WITH THE
IMPERIAL STATE CROWN
From the Paintings by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

SCENES OF CORONATIONS AT VARIOUS
PERIODS BEFORE AND SINCE
EDWARD THE CONFESSOR
From the Paintings by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CHAIR, WITH THE
STONE OF SCONE, IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY: *From a Photograph Specially taken for
"The Illustrated London News."*

THE DESCENT OF KING GEORGE VI.:
A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND

SYMBOLS OF BRITISH IMPERIAL
POWER: THE CROWN OF ENGLAND (ST.
EDWARD'S CROWN) USED FOR THE ACT OF
CORONATION; THE AMPULLA AND SPOON;
THE KING'S ROYAL SCEPTRE; AND THE KING'S
ORB

"HALL-MARKS OF THE BRITISH
EMPIRE AND OF BRITISH SOVE-
REIGNTY": THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN;
THE SWORDS; THE KING'S SCEPTRE WITH THE
DOVE; THE KING; ST. GEORGE'S SPURS; AND
THE BRACELETS

LEGENDS OF THE CORONATION
THE KING'S STATE COACH
CIPRIANI DECORATION ON THE
KING'S STATE COACH

A GREAT AUTHORITY FOR THE
CROWNING OF A KING: AN ILLUMINATION
IN THE "LIBER REGALIS," THE CORONATION
BOOK IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

QUEEN CONSORTS CROWNED IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY (A PLATE THAT
INCLUDES MARY II., WHO WAS JOINT SOVE-
REIGN WITH WILLIAM III., AS WELL AS QUEEN
CONSORTS)

KING GEORGE VI.: HIS MAJESTY FROM
ONE TO FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE
ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET KING
GEORGE VI.

Colour Plates—contd.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE: H.R.H.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH: *From the
Painting by Philip A. De László, M.V.O., R.B.A., R.S.P.P.*

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, CONSORT OF KING
GEORGE VI., IN CORONATION ROBES *Specially Painted
for "The Illustrated London News" Coronation Record Number.*

CAPITALS OF THE EMPIRE: CHIEF CITIES AND SEATS OF
GOVERNMENT *From the Paintings by C. E. Turner.*

H.M. THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN 1926
From the Painting by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I.

THE QUEEN MOTHER: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY
*Detail of the Full-Length Portrait of her Majesty
by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I.*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO
THE THRONE AT DIFFERENT AGES

Some of the other subjects

Illustrated in a vivid and entertaining way

THE THRONES AND CHAIRS AND THEIR POSITIONS
FOR THE CORONATION CEREMONY.
THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF A CORON-
ATION.

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS AT CORONATIONS.
CORONATION MEDALS OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.
ROMANCES OF THE REGALIA.
THE EARL MARSHAL, HERALDS, AND OTHER OFFICERS
OF ARMS.

CROWNS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.
A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE KING'S STATE COACH.

ACCEPTED AUTHORITIES FOR CORONATION CERE-
MONIES.

THE KING IN CHILDHOOD AND IN BOYHOOD.
THE KING'S SERVICE IN THE ROYAL NAVY.
THE KING (AS A SUB-LIEUTENANT) ON DUTY IN H.M.S.
COLLINGWOOD.

THE KING'S INTEREST IN SPORT.
THE WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN.
THEIR MAJESTIES' TOURS IN EAST AFRICA, NEW
ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

THE KING ON ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIC OCCASIONS
THE KING ON FAMILY AND PUBLIC OCCASIONS.
THE QUEEN WHEN SHE WAS LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-
LYON.

THE QUEEN'S ANCESTRAL SCOTTISH HOME.
THE QUEEN'S INTEREST AND ACTIVITIES.
TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES OF THE KING & QUEEN
THE ROYAL FAMILY AS DOG-LOVERS.

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES: GAMES AND PASTIMES OF
CHILDHOOD.

As the demand for this issue is likely to be exceedingly
heavy, readers are advised to obtain—or order—their copies as
early as possible from their regular newsagent or bookstall.

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The TATTLER

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GRACIE FIELDS

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

The above quite recent portrait of someone who is the friend of all the world was taken just before her departure for Hollywood, per the *Queen Mary*. Gracie Fields is said to be going on a holiday—merely to have a look round America's celluloid capital—but England's fears are that they may do their best to annex her or hold her as a hostage for some purpose to be later disclosed. Gracie Fields is to make films in Hollywood later on, but this visit is only a reconnaissance



THEY LOOK LIKE DOING IT THIS TIME! THE OXFORD CREW

Oxford look like doing the trick this year, principally because they have got what is known as a good racing stroke in A. B. Hodgson (Eton and Oriol). That is what the pundits think, and Oxford's performances on the tideway seem to encourage this opinion. Certainly a first-class stroke, as A. B. Hodgson seems to be, is a good many points in the game, and let us hope the run of un-success is going to turn. Oxford have not won since 1923. The race is to be rowed on March 24, a Wednesday

In the above picture, taken at Ranelagh, the names (left to right) are: J. P. Burrough (St. Edward's and St. Edmund's Hall), J. D. Sturrock (Winchester and Magdalen), M. G. C. Ashby (Oundle and New) (bow), D. R. B. Mynors (Eton and New College), G. J. P. Merifield (King Edward's and St. Edmund's Hall) (cox), J. C. Cherry (Westminster and B.N.C.), A. B. Hodgson (Eton and Oriol) (stroke), R. G. Rowe (Eton and University), and J. S. Lewes (King's Parramatta and Christ Church)

"Asinus asino, et sus sui pulcher."

An ass is beautiful to an ass and a pig to a pig.—LATIN PROVERB.

THAT is the difficulty of the modern world—the asses decide what is best for the pigs and the pigs disagree!

Every ass is convinced that his taste, his point of view, or his sense of humour, is the right one.

While each pig knows that a silk purse can be made out of a sow's ear if there's enough money to do it with!

But courage! Time levels all things.

Every day now sees the wheels of the social machine revolving faster and faster, and if there is anyone who thinks that the Coronation season is not going with a hectic swing from start to finish, and that the world isn't on tip-toe to be here for it, they had better try to find a nice inexpensive flat or house near the procession route. It is quite fantastic how eagerly places to live in are being sought after. Owners of modest homes, involving quite a long "trek" to reach one of the streets through which the King and Queen will drive on May 12, are asking thirty guineas a week for a "let," and what is more, are getting it!

News that the Queen meant to get her spring and summer clothes made in London by an English dressmaker was the best and most gratifying thing that has happened from the point of view of the dress-

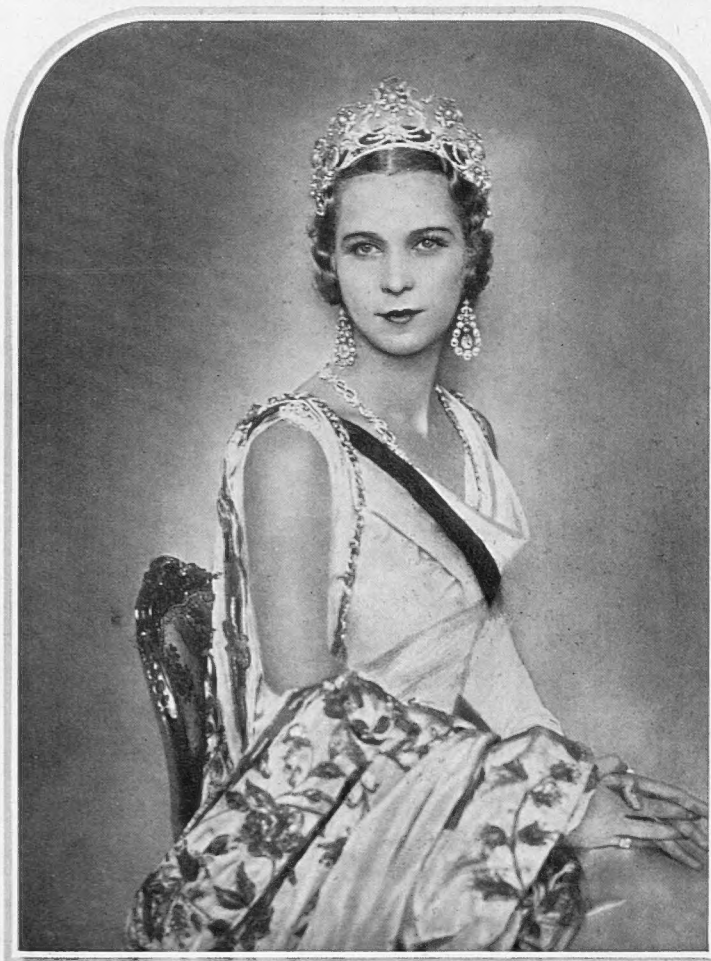
PANORAMA

making world for many a long day.

When you come to think of it, and apart from the consideration for English workers which the Queen's decision indicates, the choice is merely common sense. No one has quite the same understanding of the kind of clothes in which an English woman looks her best as an English dressmaker. Here in London our Courts and other Royal functions are unique, and, personally, I am of the opinion that the smartest, the best, and the cheapest clothes can be found in London, and that it is sheer "snobbery" which makes a few ultra-fashionable women still buy in Paris.

After hearing so much about the elaborate machinations necessary to "bring out" a débutante in Coronation year, it was rather amusing to be at the dance Lady FitzGerald gave for the début of her granddaughter, Miss Finola FitzGerald. Guests who made their début twenty-five years or so ago felt rather as if the hands of the clock had been put backwards.

Lady FitzGerald, fond grandmother and charming hostess, apparently saw no reason why older people should be excluded from a dance for a débutante. The way in which the older and the younger generation were mixed at the dinner party at which she was hostess before her dance was quite in the Edwardian manner, except, perhaps, that Edwardian débutantes would probably have been left at home until the



THE PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT

To whom a son was born on February 12. In the words of Mussolini, this happy event "answers the hopes of a nation more than ever united to-day." The lovely young wife of the Heir Apparent to the Italian Throne was Princess Marie José of Belgium before her marriage. This took place in 1930, and four years later Princess Maria Pia was born. Both the Prince and Princess of Piedmont have great popularity in Italy

moment arrived for them to accompany their parents to the ball.

The Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lord and Lady Moyne (Lady Moyne, by the way, is very far from suggesting that she is the mother of a girl who has reached débutante age) and the French Ambassador were among the more distinguished guests of the older generation at Lady FitzGerald's dinner.

Going up the fine staircase at Mrs. Sassoon's house in Albert Gate where this dance was given was an interesting experience. Mrs. Sassoon has a keen appreciation of beautiful things, and it is comparatively seldom that young people have an opportunity of being entertained in such magnificent surroundings.

After admiring this house, still kept up in the state such fine houses deserve, it came as rather a shock to read that Mr. Victor Rothschild has decided to "break up" the Rothschild stronghold at 148, Piccadilly, built by his great-grandfather rather more than seventy years ago. Its marble-lined halls are filled with treasures; the contents could only be rivalled by the priceless treasures in Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane.

The marble halls make a back-ground for Gobelin tapestries, Buhl cabinets, and crystal chandeliers, for the first owner, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, not only had wonderful taste but the opportunities, not so numerous these days, of indulging it.

* * *

Lady Morrison-Bell's dance at the Dorchester was one of those good parties to which all débutantes hoped to be asked, though many were doomed to disappointment.

Among the lucky ones was Miss Lelgarde Philipps, daughter of Lady St. Davids. She is coming out this year, and already, although the season is in its infancy, is so much in request that, while many mothers wear a worried look in case their daughter's name should be left out of a dance or dinner list, Lady St. Davids' only fear is that her popular daughter may overtax her strength fulfilling her innumerable engagements.

Lady St. Davids entertained a dinner



GUESTS OF THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS

A snapshot taken during the visit of Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie to their son, H.E. Lord Erskine, who has been Governor of Madras since 1934. The actual scene of the picture was at one of the picturesque guest houses of H.H. the Maharajah of Mysore at Bangalore. The names in the above group are the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister, Lord Mar and Kellie, Sir Mirza Ismail, the Dewan of Mysore, Lady Mar and Kellie and Miss Lowry-Corry



party for the Morrison-Bell dance, and one of her guests on this occasion was Miss Theresa Home, débutante daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Archibald and Lady Home. The former is the Standard Bearer to His Majesty's bodyguard, and his daughter, aged eighteen, is tall and slim with dark brown eyes. Later in the season Lady Home is giving a dance, also at the Dorchester.

* * *

One of the best of the recent "parties" or, rather, dances in the Shires, the Belvoir Covert Fund Ball, drew a crowd of "hearty" sportsmen and sportswomen to the Spinney, once the temporary home of the Duke of Gloucester during his bachelor days.

The Duke, who hunts with the Belvoir whenever he gets the opportunity, came to the ball and seemed to enjoy himself enormously.

High spirits were kept up all the evening, side shows were well patronised, and except, perhaps, for the fact that most, if not all, the prizes were secured by members of the Cottesmore, the evening gave general satisfaction. A most sought-after man was Sir John Aird, whose second name should be discretion.

He has only lately returned, from a turn of duty as A.D.C. or Equerry "in waiting" to the Duke of Windsor. Rumour says that the job is a whole-time one, but Sir John was not prepared to give an opinion.

* * *

Pay parties in one form or another seem to have been accepted as a part of the ordinary social routine, though there was a time when the idea of paying for the privilege of accepting an invitation would have sent a thrill of horror down the spine of any hospitable hostess.

Lady Titchfield is sending out invitations to a pay party at

(Continued overleaf)



MR. WHITNEY AND LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT AT CIRO'S RE-OPENING

Lady Daphne Straight is Lord and Lady Winchilsea's elder daughter, and she and Mr. Whitney Straight, whom she married in 1935, were amongst the large contingent of London Society which forgathered for the reincarnation of Ciro's. Mr. Whitney Straight is very famous in the motor racing world. He has also given his name to a very high class design of monoplane

PANORAMA—continued

Lord and Lady Hollenden's house in Connaught Place on March 15. Encouraged by her success on three previous occasions, Lady Titchfield is again inviting her friends to pay seven-and-six for the privilege of hearing the Hon. Mrs. Lawson and Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck and others. Seven-and-six is not an out-of-the-way sum when you remember that in addition to the concert the amount covers the cost of food and a chair!

Some of our most amusing and decorative personalities seem to be out of London just now. Lady Sysonby, for example, who is an American, has hurried off to her native land after receiving the sad news that her brother was ill.

Lady Queensberry also left for New York to go to the sick bed of her father, Mr. Harrington Mann, but, unhappily, he died before she could get there.

Tall, golden-haired Joan Eyres-Monsell (whose parents will be back from South Africa next month) has gone to join her brother in the U.S.A., and Lady Hailsham was among those who went off to rest in Switzerland with her daughter, Miss Domini Lawrence, who, if she had not been born a girl, would be Lord Trevethin.

Egypt has not been forgotten by those in search of sun and pleasure. Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Sir Austen Chamberlain's attractive daughter, and her husband returned this week from what was literally a flying visit to Cairo, *via* Imperial Airways. They stayed at the Residency with the Ambassador and Lady Lampson, where Lady Carlisle, resting from her film activities, has also been a guest. Tall Charlie Mills and his lovely wife arrived last week at the Semiramis, and they have been extensively entertained, while he has been enjoying the excellent duck-shooting in the neighbourhood of Zag-a-zig.

Duck-shooting in Egypt is a specialised sport which until comparatively recent years was enjoyed almost exclusively by the English colony, but now many Egyptian sportsmen have realised the unique opportunities for duck-shooting that their country affords and many of them have proved themselves splendid shots. It is not always easy for European guns to adjust themselves to the glare of the sun and the exceptionally clear atmosphere, but the game is amazingly numerous and varied at this time of the year, the shoveller and teal forming the largest part of the bag, while earlier in the season is best for widgeon and mallard.

At home, braving the English winter—and we really have had a taste of it lately—are Admiral Sir Barry and Lady Domville. Admiral Domville's last job was President of Greenwich College. Now he lives at Robin's Tree, near Roehampton and lovely Richmond Park. What is more, he and his wife are prepared to show that the English are a hardy race by giving afternoon tea parties in a summer-house at the bottom of the garden. In winter, with snow on the ground, it is, you will admit, an enterprising form of entertainment. But it is only fair to add that the summer-house isn't like all summer-houses. It is, for one thing, electrically heated, and in the miniature kitchen an electric heater secures a hot drink and enables Lady Domville to serve her guests with really hot toast.

The Princess Royal, looking very nice in blue and accompanied by her son, Lord Lascelles, listened with interest to the comments of Lord Harewood on the Sir Joshua Reynolds pictures which are being exhibited in Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane.

It is not courtesy that makes almost every important art council in England desire to have Lord Harewood on their committee. He is extremely knowledgeable on the subject and his opinions are valued highly.

A wet afternoon seemed to draw many visitors to the exhibition. Diana Mills, hatless and very lovely in powder blue, was there, and the Hon. Donough and Mrs. O'Brien were walking round with that clever young artist, Mr. Robin Guthrie, who is shortly to paint Mr. Stanley Baldwin's eleven-year-old grandson, Robin Howard. His mother, Titian-haired Mrs. Arthur Howard, who was Lorna Baldwin before her marriage to Lord Strathcona's brother, the Hon. Arthur Howard, is a neighbour of Mr. Guthrie's at his country home in Sussex.

It is often said that artists place great psychological value on space. Last year this artist built a studio in his garden that is almost larger than the house itself! Just before the recent illness of Mr. Lloyd George and his subsequent visit abroad to recuperate, Mr. Guthrie was painting a portrait of him for the National Portrait Gallery, but unfortunately the picture is unfinished. He made a most interesting subject for the artist and kept up a vivacious conversation throughout his sittings.

Portraits are not Mr. Guthrie's only medium, although attractive Lady Maureen Stanley was one of his first commissions, but on Lady Cunard's staircase hangs a large picture entitled "Toilet of Venus," which has gained for Mr. Guthrie both praise and encouragement.

The famous Granard silver plate, the Granard livery on men-servants, the Granard "orders" on their owner, the Earl of Granard, and the Granard jewels on his handsome wife, were, so to speak, on parade all at one and the same time last week. And the reason for the display was that Her Majesty Queen Mary was a guest at Forbes House, Halkin Street. Queen Mary has been dining out with several old friends lately, including Lord and Lady Londonderry.

Diamond tiaras flashed and sparkled round the dinner-table at Forbes House, and loveliest of all was the one worn by the guest of honour.

The white-haired, straight-backed Dowager Lady Airlie, who always suggests a Reynolds picture, arrived with Her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland were guests, and so was the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. A quiet but delightful evening in a setting worthy of that magnificent and beloved personage—Queen Mary.

A very different sort of party took place on Tuesday last. I have never seen such a crowd as there was at the reopening of Ciro's Club. It required patience and even the frequent use of both elbows to get inside the Club.

The gallery, like the floor downstairs, was full to capacity. The staff, rushed off their feet, did wonders.

Lord Willoughby de Broke was in a party in the gallery and a fellow guest was little Lady Oranmore and Browne, whose Greta Garbo coiffure makes her look like a child.



MRS. DOROTHY SANDS AND LORD BEATTY, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED IN APRIL

Lord Beatty, a recent winner in the L.C.C. elections as he gained a seat from the Socialists at Peckham, is to be married to the beautiful Mrs. Dorothy Sands in April, according to present information. Mrs. Sands is an American as was Lord Beatty's mother, who was a daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field. Like his distinguished father, the Admiral, Lord Beatty is, or was, a sailor and later went to the Admiralty



Fayer of Vienna

LIEUT. VISCOUNT KELBURN, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS DOROTHEA LYLE, WITH WEDDING ATTENDANTS, AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE



WEDDING GUESTS: LORD AND LADY BRIDPORT



VISCOUNTESS ELIBANK



MRS. JOHN RUSSELL AND MR. NEVINSON

The marriage of Lieut. Viscount Kelburn, Royal Navy, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, to Miss Dorothea Lyle took place on Thursday last at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, followed by a reception in Bruton Street. The bride, who was given away by her father, Sir Archibald Lyle, looked most charming in a classically cut gown of cream satin. Her long pearl-embroidered train, lined with silver lamé, was carried by Peter Vernon, and the six bridesmaids were Lady Hersey Boyle (the bridegroom's sister), Miss Priscilla Starkie, Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, Miss Susan Hambro, Miss Joan Madden, and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller. The Hon. James Boyle, only brother of the bridegroom, was best man. Wedding guests were almost innumerable, and so were the cameras which loosed off at them as they congregated at the reception. Lord Bridport, who is a contemporary of Lord Kelburn and also a naval officer, married Miss Pamela Baker in 1934. Scotland's representatives included Lady Elibank, whose husband holds the office of Lord Lieutenant of Peeblesshire amongst many others. Mrs. John Russell's Persian lamb outfit was a particularly chic one



KAY FRANCIS IN VIENNA

Kay Francis recently arrived in Vienna, and a story is in circulation that this was a visit to her birthplace. Reliable authorities, however, state that this extremely attractive and clever young actress was born in Oklahoma City, United States of America. Her first appearance on the stage was in New York in 1925 as the Player Queen in *Hamlet* in a modern-dress production. Her film career began in 1930, and has been an unqualified success ever since.

I HAVE received a letter from a number of very busy-bodies inviting me to join a movement for the Suppression of Smoking in Cinemas. They have approached quite the wrong person. Many years ago I lived in a little country village in Derbyshire, and the time came when the question of Sunday golf was hotly debated. The controversy rent the small community more thoroughly than politics, even of the municipal variety, had been able to do. The annual meeting of the golf club came round, and on the agenda was the motion that Sunday golf be prohibited. This looked like being carried. But the club had reckoned without its chairman, a man of great mental attainment, whom we will call Erasmus. One day Mrs. Erasmus told her husband that the parlourmaid was going to have a baby. "Send her to me!" he said, in awful tones. When the luckless maid presented herself in the study, Erasmus, who could be as wise as Socrates and as witty as Mr. Shaw, pointing to a farmhouse on the top of a hill said: "You will go into that farmhouse and have that baby, and you will come back here with the very best baby you can possibly make!" The day of the golf meeting arrived, and Erasmus opened the proceedings by saying that he had a motion to propose which he thought would meet with general satisfaction. This was "That Sunday golf be not made compulsory." That is exactly my attitude towards smoking in cinemas. Speaking with the full responsibility of a critic who takes his films seriously, I say here that there are two things which have always concerned me more than the choice of film. The first is the choice of dinner beforehand, since if the film disposes to sleep I can do so undisturbed by extraneous, or rather intraneous, considerations. The second is the choice of cigar in case there should be a temptation to keep awake.

THE CINEMA

Nothing Very Much

By JAMES AGATE

One thing my anti-tobacco friends have not realised is that those cinemas in which smoking was not permitted would at once have to go out of business. I am firmly persuaded that to the great majority of cinema-goers in this country the attractions of the cinema may be ranked in the following order: Hand-holding, smoking, cheapness, comfortable seats, the picture! You can arrange the first four in any order you like; nothing will shake my firm conviction that the picture comes fifth in the list.

Since we are on the subject, let me say that I am also convinced that the object of all cinemas should be to provide something which anybody of any mentality, capacity, or social class can spend an entertaining hour at any odd time of the day. A picture should be so gripping in itself that you do not need to know what it is all about. The other evening I turned into the Empire, as near as I can get round about 9.35. So far as I could gather all the men in the audience were busy attending to their fair companions, while their filmy companions were busy being attended to by their gallants. In my opinion I was the only person in the vast auditorium who was attending to the picture. Let me say that I was at once completely enthralled. On the screen floor was a dead man, over whom were bending an American tough, who appeared to be a detective, a gentlemanly cop, and a doctor, whom I recognised from his stage performances in England, as Mr. Henry Daniell. Who the other actors were and what the film was called I have not the vaguest notion. I also knew that Mr. Daniell had committed a murder, and I had not the faintest desire to know why. Then followed a lengthy interlude in a Turkish bath, to which it appeared that, in America, detectives repaired with wrongfully suspected persons in order to question them. A little later Mr. Daniell, who appeared to be living in an apartment more sumptuous than anything in Buckingham Palace, proposed to murder his mistress. The gentlemanly cop intervening, Mr. Daniell put the girl in an oak chest. The cop then went away, only to make a second entry when Mr. Daniell had settled to the nefarious business of dispatch. And that was that. But the photography had been so good that for three-quarters of an hour I was completely and urgently absorbed, though at no time had I the slightest desire to know what events had happened prior to the moment when I had entered the cinema.

This film was succeeded by some incredible organ-nonsense in a pink light, the organist contriving to weld into one symphonic poem love-songs of the past, theme-songs of the present, and *The Lost Chord*. Then followed an interest film, in which a commentator with an exasperating voice commented on life on Pitcairn Island. This led to the evening *pièce de résistance*, and I can only say that I resisted it easily. The film was largely about Mr. Tom Walls, but, once more, there was the usual display of good English actors, who, given nothing to do, cannot amount to much. The first thing I noticed was the extraordinarily bad lighting which surrounded Mr. Walls, at least in the early part of this film. It was as though there was a something about Mr. Walls that the camera-man did not want to photograph. Years ago I ventured to ask why the brilliant actor had ceased to portray irascible colonels, scrawny, bulbous-eyed *roués*, and the whole succession of elderly *vieux marcheurs*. In the early Aldwych farces he used to do this sort of thing magnificently. Then came the time when he discarded character-acting for the rôles of middle-aged Lotharios. I asked the reason, and was told that Mr. Walls had a screen popularity and a screen public, and must at all costs preserve the one to please the other. But, alas! the bitter is the enemy of the good, and Mr. William Powell and Mr. Walls must now in this sense be sworn foes! Miss Diana Churchill and Miss Betty Stockfeld were in the same film. But as I kept mixing them up, and was not interested enough in the plot to desire to disentangle them, I wandered away, noting that the rest of the audience was even more engrossed with itself than it had been when I came in.

AT CANNES: THE "DINER BLANC" AT THE AMBASSADEURS



T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK SUPPORTED THE EVENT



WITH M. HENRI MOUCHET: H.R.H. PRINCESS GENNARO DE BOURBON



H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE



NEWLY MARRIED: SIR WILLIAM AND LADY GARTHWAITE



THE HON. LADY STANLEY AND MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



CAPTAIN PATRICK SAUNDERS AND LADY ORR-LEWIS

The "Diner Blanc" is a notable annual charity event at Cannes. This year it was organised at the Ambassadeurs by H.R.H. Princess Nicholas of Greece, mother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and with T.M. the King and Queen of Denmark and the King of Sweden and H.R.H. Princess Gennaro de Bourbon also honouring the occasion with their presence, it became one of the most outstanding functions of the Riviera season. The King of Sweden motored over from Nice for it, and Lord Derby's sister-in-law, the Hon. Lady Stanley, who is the widow of Admiral the Hon. Sir Victor Stanley, came from Monte Carlo, where she has been staying with her daughter. M. Henri Mouchet holds the important office of Prefet des Alpes-Maritimes. Sir William Garthwaite was married quite recently to Mrs. Gladys Galie, and they are spending the latter part of their honeymoon at Cannes. Lady Orr-Lewis is a Riviera regular. More pictures of activities at Cannes, now such a very crowded spot, appear on page 446.



Photos, Poole, Dublin

AT THE WARD UNION POINT-TO-POINT

This always exciting contest was run over Mr. Richard Kelly's land in the Dublin country, which, as so many know, is a bit of a hair-raiser. The above is a picture of the judge's stand, with Mr. Richard Kelly, Lord Holmpatrick, who was the judge, and Mr. Doran. Lord Holmpatrick is a former master of the Meath, who also hunt over a part of the Dublin country

MY last stopping place in the U.S.A. was Aiken, in South Carolina, a pretty ideal inland winter resort. The "amenities," as the travel agents call them, are golf, polo, drag hunting, live pigeon shooting, and trotting, while a large number of flat and jumping horses are wintered there. The climate corresponds to an English May, and the people are charming.

The drag hunt is run over fences built across rides cut in the woods, but a great improvement has been effected by the progressive American kind on its English prototype. The hounds, in any form of hunting always a great impediment, run a line across the horns of a horseshoe while the riders gallop round it, an arrangement which precludes all sight, sound or smell of them during the entire outing. Their mission in life is to look picturesque at the meet and not get lost. There are only fourteen polo grounds at Aiken, or about three times as many as there are in London. It was while here that Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Sen., one of the most successful jumping trainers in America, invited me to come and see his young bloodstock and some schooling. Five two-year-olds (this was in January) were produced, mostly bought as foals in England, and being mounted by coloured boys were given a good sharp canter in figures of eight in a pine wood. They changed legs like polo ponies, and I can think of nothing better for giving them handiness, balance and mouths. They were then taken down to the schooling ground where there were three or four fences in a row standing about five foot high. The top foot or so could be gone through, but the bottom part sloped well out from the fence, was solid and faced with saplings. At the risk of being considered a wilfully untruthful love-child (for my statements can be borne out by Mr. Harry Cottrill, who in some circles is considered as veracious as myself), these two-year-olds were then ridden over them. True, from the day of their purchase they had been schooled over gradually increasing fences, but imagine yourself riding first a "small and early" Lincoln two-year-old and then an overgrown "back-end" one absolutely flat out at five-foot fences out of deep sand. I had imagined that the riders must either draw some Hollywood salary or be gentlemen reprieved from the "chair," but Mr. Hitchcock told me most of them were bred on the place and liked doing it. It is the *speed* at



ALSO AT THE WARD POINT-TO-POINT: LADY MABEL JOCELYN AND MISS SIDNEY MONTGOMERY

Lady Mabel Jocelyn is a daughter of Lord and Lady Roden: her engagement to Mr. Richard Brooke is announced. Miss Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Co. Louth, is a direct descendant of Admiral Collingwood, of *Royal Sovereign* fame, Nelson's second in command at Trafalgar

other than my old friend, Captain Tommy Graves, of Cock Yard. A quiet, unobtrusive man, his lordship, who is the soul of courtesy, at once acceded to my request for an interview.

"I have always expected a title," said he, "and feel

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

which they are schooled which is so appalling. The fences they will meet on a course can be brushed through, and they are schooled to brush through just the right amount for two years before they run, by which time they can be ridden into them any fashion without falling. The system wouldn't work here with our going and stiff fences, but Mr. Hitchcock is equally successful with his timber-racing horses.

Leaving the sunlight with many regrets it was desperate to come back to ceaseless rain day and night, and a Newbury meeting, which would on any occasion cause a cloudburst in the Sahara. The running of Drinmore Lad, who I thought had an enormous National chance, did not brighten things up much, but it was worth the afternoon's misery to see D. Morgan drive La Touche into the last fence.

From a hundred yards away one could see he was going to meet it wrong, and, though he hit the fence and the ground with everything except his withers, Danny got him straightened out and won.

A very good show was put up, too, on Battleship by young Bruce Hobbs, who has been well taught by his father, one of the most brilliant riders to hounds I have ever seen. No one's horses look better than his, and the combination of father and son should be very successful.

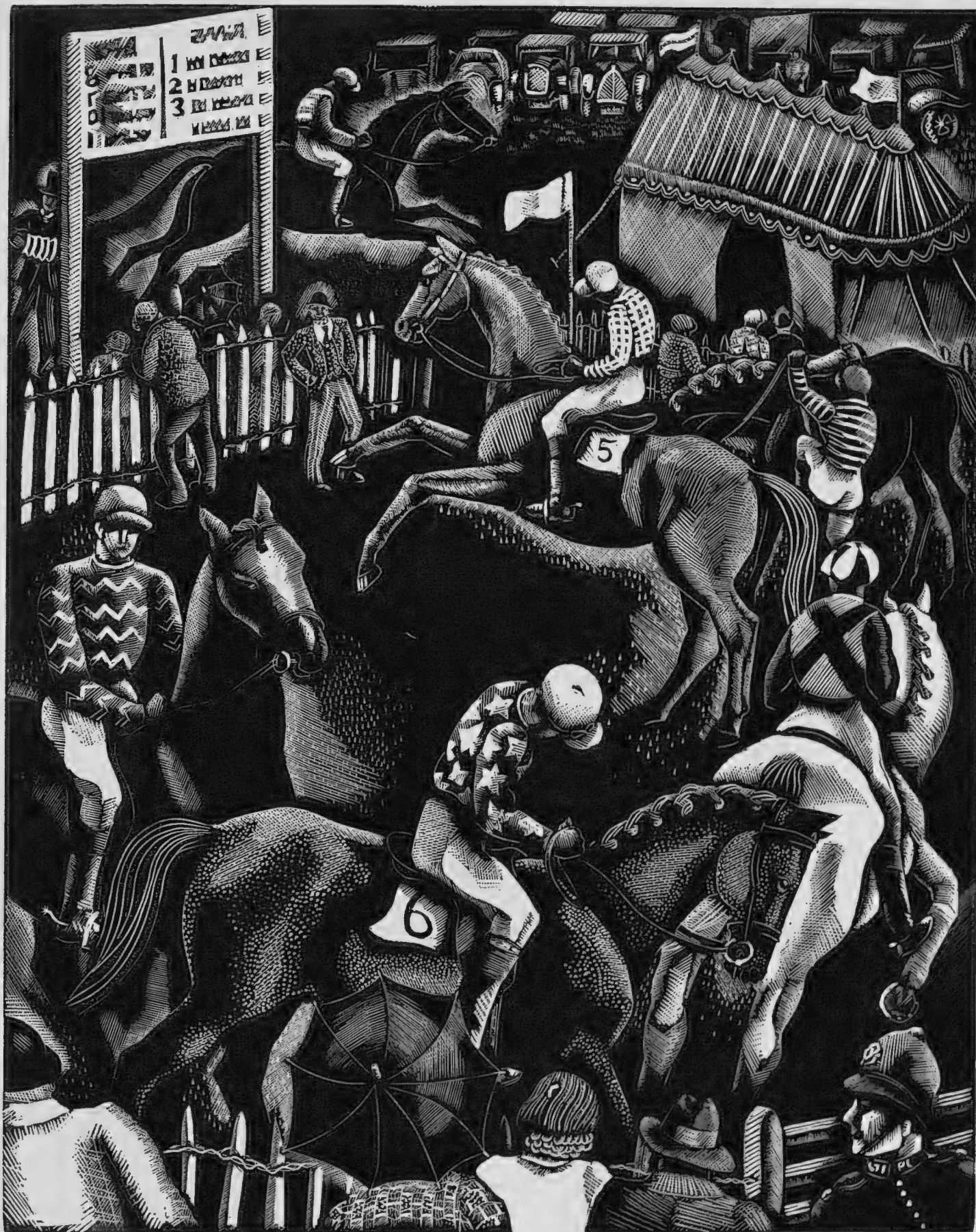
So much interest appeared to be taken in the newspaper announcement that a certain Henry Algernon Claud Graves, of Davies Street, connected with the turf, had become a baron that my Editor sent me to investigate. To my astonishment my victim turned out to be none



PEER AND SPORTSMAN: LORD ("TOMMY") GRAVES

Everyone who goes racing knows Captain "Tommy" Graves, the most infallibly cheerful and amusing man on the Turf. He succeeded, last week, to his uncle's title, and "Guardrail" on this page writes an interview with him, unequalled in modern journalism for intimate detail and up-to-date information!

(Continued on p. ii)



POINT-TO-POINT

By Rachel Rickett

This impressionistic picture was one of those on view at the exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly which was open from February 11th till March 4th. The parade-ring at a Point-to-Point strikes different people in different ways, and the above picture describes how that often tense moment appealed to an artist whose opinion of the high quality of the courage of the "jockeys," jack-spurs and all, must have been great indeed



JUST BACK FROM RIO: MR. GODFREY WINN

This picture was taken when Mr. Godfrey Winn was on his way back from a holiday in Brazil, upon which he was accompanied by Mr. Jack Lysaght, the tennis player. The main object of the tour from Mr. Winn's point of view was to collect atmosphere for his new novel into which he proposes to introduce the Carnival at Rio

A Russian in England.

AN unconventional person who thinks for himself has to tread warily in this England of ours. As a nation, we distrust unconventional thought; associating it with revolutions, lack of religious principles and highly doubtful morality. In fact, we have, as conversationalists and behaviourists, cultivated the art of saying and doing nothing surprising, until it has become almost a fine art. And yet we are so friendly and so kind! I suppose we can't have it both ways. We are naturally no more introspective than sheep; but if we were otherwise, we should probably be at each other's throats on the least provocation. There is nothing like thought for disturbing life's equanimity. Compromise makes for pleasant neighbourliness, and allows us to get peacefully on with our domestic as well as our life's chores. But I can imagine the mental torture of an unconventional, introspective Russian finding himself in Newcastle and thinking of Hell spelt with an "N." I can imagine, also, Newcastle regarding an unconventional and introspective Russian in its midst with extreme suspicion. As a nation, we dislike being mentally disturbed. We progress; we do not jump. Which consequently makes the intellectual atmosphere of the average collection of people extremely stuffy. It is, I suppose, the price we have to pay for being a peace-loving nation. All the same, the smug paucity of thought in the heads of the majority—especially the middle-class majority, who have just sufficient money to keep them from touching life and humanity in the raw—is at times rather like being slowly smothered in a mixture of honey and soft feathers: granting their virtues.

No wonder, therefore, Mr. Nikolai Gubsky calls his extraordinarily interesting and frank autobiography "Angry Dust" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). "Angry" it often is, and often, as the

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

average Englishman reads it, it will create a "dust." Personally, I like a little anger (in books). Anger is at least honest, and never is it soporific. Whereas dust should periodically be disturbed; especially the "dust" which settles on the mind—with conventionality, good form, outworn tradition and a mindless acquiescence as its bodyguards. For instance, Mr. Gubsky seeks in his autobiography to show the gradual tumultuous development of his own character; not through circumstance, but through the natural growth of what the seeds of his nature were in the beginning. Which, of course, ignores that most blessed balm of the mindless—which is a "sudden conversion." He believes in the plurality of self—which is a thing few Englishmen believe in. It is less perplexing to believe in "falls" and "risings again," ending with that ultimate purification among the nicest of us which, we like to suppose, has nothing whatever to do with physical changes or mental fatigue. Personally, I agree wholeheartedly with the plural-self idea, only I can't gain the comfort which the author obtains from that theory. For the "selves," it seems to me, act too often in such strange combinations.

If only they were water-tight, so to speak, the path would be easy. It's their disturbing fluidity which makes life for the thoughtful and the sensitive such an unholy mess. By the time when, so to speak, the inner turmoil seems at last to have settled itself down to fight life with manageable weapons, we have entered the "gruel-and-Grandpa" years, and so have ceased to care two hoots about anything very much. We develop far too slowly and disintegrate far too soon. If only the predominant self be the kind which can cultivate a bovine philosophy, life seems to jog along with a very happy rhythm; which appears enviable—if only we belong to the kind which can jog happily along. Mr. Gubsky is not of this species. If he were, his autobiography would leave as tiny a ripple of thought behind it as the average autobiography of most living writers. Personally, his book absorbed me.

The section which deals with his youth in Russia and Germany, besides being interesting (because it is so outwardly and inwardly different from youth's experience in this country), is valuable because it shows once again that the Russian Revolution was bound to come—no human society could have stood much longer the wasteful, indifferent incapacity of those who were "on top" of the social world.

Educated at the famous and aristocratic Lytzey, he was ill-prepared for the always painful but only real education which life gives through frustration, disappointment and beastly trials. Escaping from Russia, he and his wife settled in England: utter strangers in an utterly strange land. They came from a country where literally everything is discussed, and fate thrust them into Newcastle, where only the weather, sport, gossip and work are talked about. Their minds were eager, metaphorically speaking, to criticise God and the human verities, but the pleasant middle-class folk of Newcastle seemed only to want to talk of the difficulties of the "ninth hole" and to ask if it were really true that in Russia people always took a slice of lemon in their tea. No wonder they chafed against these strange limitations of mental by-play.

(Continued on page 430)



A "TZIGANE" TRIO

Adrina Otero, the original of the gypsy in the novel "Tzigane"; Lady Eleanor Smith, the author; and Chili Bouchier, who played the gypsy's part when the story was filmed at the Teddington Studios under the title of "Gypsy." "Tzigane" proved a best-seller, and is not the authoress's only success in the fields of fair renown. Adrina Otero appeared recently in the Cabaret at the Savoy Hotel and made a big success with her Spanish dances



Antony Roger, Orchard Street

IN THE 1840 MANNER: MADAME LYDIA SOKOLOVA

The world-renowned English-born ballerina dressed to dance before H.M. the Queen, at the Piccadilly Theatre on March 8th. She wore a genuine Victorian gown of 1840, the background being specially designed to give the feeling of a period when everyone was hooped except members of artistic circles. Londoners are seldom lucky enough to see Lydia Sokolova on the stage nowadays, for she devotes most of her time to teaching the exquisite art of ballet dancing in her St. John's Wood studio. Occasionally, however, she graces a deserving occasion. This particular and tumultuously applauded appearance was in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Added to their intellectual loneliness there was the ever-gnawing problem of poverty. Of genteel poverty, indeed, he gives one of the truest descriptions I have ever read. "For the information of those who have no experience in that line, poverty begins long before the level of physical privation has been reached. For in a civilised country it is not enough to have a roof over your head and be properly fed. Your wife may be a genius with the needle, but she cannot sew shoes or school-books, or make a child's frock out of the air. You have to buy a new dish to replace the one that has cracked, and mend the window-pane your daughter has smashed, and send for the plumber when your bath refuses to work, and buy some linen when your sheets have fallen to pieces. . . . What that means moneyed people have no idea. They see a house in which shabbiness is mitigated by taste; they see two vivacious, normally healthy children, and a hostess who is a lady; but they do not see the disproportionate amount of drudgery that goes to keeping up this appearance of gentility, they do not see the countless patches and seams and holes, or the alarming emptiness of cupboards and drawers; and so they conclude that things can't be so bad after all, not qualitatively different from their own position." And then, after losing, through no fault of his own, the one position which could maintain the family, the author started to write books. The books were not successful. They were praised by the critics who "count" and ignored by the people who pay. I wonder if this unusually interesting autobiography will make amends? It should do so. It is not only interesting as a life-story, but is crammed full of ideas, which even when you don't agree with them, compel you to think for yourself—that blessed outcome of any mental disturbance! In any case, it is a *real* autobiography, with the inner development of the writer's life as predominant as the incidents which give it plot. For me, a most exciting volume.

Thoughts from "Angry Dust."

"One has to be tuned up and shaken to take in a really big impression, take it deeply enough to keep it for life."

"I do not believe that easy, cloudless courtships, pleasant though they may be, are the best preparation for married life."

"That which benefits me *must* benefit my country. A mental process by no means confined to Russia."

"People, even the best and the dearest of them, take about as much as they give, and there is nothing like nature to replenish our lowered vitality."

"There is a sixth sense which is more precious—and rarer—than erudition: the sense of value."

What Dreams!

I always think that everybody should some time in his life come up bang, hard and inwardly devastatingly, against some well-nigh overwhelming odds and have to make the best of them. It gives them a sense of values and proportion, and prevents them from making their own loves and troubles the centre of their entire emotional universe. Such a stunning knock would have been the saving of Miss Ethel Mannin's heroine, Janet Forrest, in her new novel "Women Also Dream" (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.). As it is, she is self-centred to at least one outsider's satiation. She doesn't seem to realise it, but she is a "devourer." Whom she loves must be relentlessly in her clutches; what

she desires—all the world must, metaphorically, stop turning until she gets it. In the beginning she loves her brother, yet when he marries, her jealousy is almost abnormal. To get away from her turmoil of emotion, she decides to live dangerously in dangerous parts of the earth, and to exist upon her earnings as a writer describing these experiences.

On the trip she meets Richard Dain, handsome, spiritually "vulgar" and a Jew. He falls in love with Janet at first sight, and they have the kind of honeymoon of which a frustrated woman often dreams. After their marriage, Addison Maitland, a fellow-escapologist, enters her life. He taunts Janet by telling her that love and marriage are swamping her personality. The silly little woman believes him, being an egoist, and so, after a passionate farewell, she leaves Dain to go on an expedition to Lapland. Whereupon Dain commits adultery with Joyce Graham—the kind of brainless, synthetic blonde who would appeal to his kind. Janet, who belongs to the "all-in-all-or-not-at-all" type, returns to find that "romance" is dead: at least for her. So, once again listening to Addison, she tries to forget by undertaking a hazardous flight from Mombasa to the Seychelles. Whereupon Dain again commits adultery—and I could not blame him. By this time, however, Janet has realised that an utterly passionless friendship, like the one between herself and Addison, would serve her permanent needs the best. So she goes away with him on an even more perilous expedition, on which the odds are against survival. For me, the best thing, however, which could have happened to her would be to see her next three books among the "tuppenny" bundles a few weeks after their publication. Then she would have had to make the best of things by facing up to them. As it is, she got scant sympathy from me in her self-dramatisation which she called "dreams."

The Zoo as a Moral.

Had I been Miss Helen Ashton, before she wrote her delightful novel, "People in Cages" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), I might have taken Janet on a visit to the Zoo. Miss Ashton takes her characters there in the first instance, and among the caged animals, different "morals" are pointed at all their problems; thus successfully solving them or not, as the case may be. For instance, the coffee-planter from Kenya and his wife, coming to see the lion-cub which some years previously they presented to the Zoo, are horrified at what captivity has done for it. Horrified, too, at what captivity has done to them. He having sacrificed the life he loves for her, and she, realising at last this sacrifice, hating herself and him for the "cage" in which an uncongenial existence imprisons them. The dishonest financier, looking at the animals behind bars, has the obvious reaction, while the young Arctic explorer and the rich society girl, who quarrel and make it up again by the sea-lions' pond, realise subconsciously the danger which surrounds a too-comfortable "imprisonment." And so it goes on. The difficulty in a story of this kind is, of course, to give it all an air of reality, and this Miss Ashton has not succeeded in doing altogether. Nevertheless, she has written an interesting and intelligent book which is very well worth reading.



Sasha
MRS. GEORGE BENSON (FORMERLY MISS JANE STERNDALÉ-BENNETT)

The wedding took place recently of the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sterndale-Bennett (Miss Athene Seyler, the famous actress) to Mr. George Benson, who is in that charming play "The Two Bouquets," at the Garrick, which has now passed its 225th performance. Mr. Sterndale-Bennett is a son of the famous composer and also a most popular entertainer. He is a prominent member of the Savage Club

GINA MALO "ON HER TOES"



GINA MALO: A STAR OF "ON YOUR TOES"

"On Your Toes," at the Palace, is a bright and amusing musical comedy and something of a rarity in these days in that it really has a connected plot instead of following the usual modern practice of a mass of revue-turns interspersed with strange episodes from the hectic life of the leading character. "On Your Toes" consists mainly of the endeavours of an American musical professor, who is really a hereditary vaudeville artiste, and of his pupils to "put over" their combined production of song and dance through the medium of a Russian ballet company, an effort in which some gangsters, inevitably, supervene. There is some admirable dancing in the show, including a remarkable travesty of the serious ballet. Gina Malo, playing opposite Jack Whiting, is one of the people mainly responsible for the success of this show, which seems likely to be considerable and prolonged



Photos.: Sasha and Houston Rogers

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

SCOTTISH readers, who tell me sometimes that their interests are neglected in this column, will have been sorry to hear, I am sure, about the cancellation of the match between the '32 Club, of Glasgow, and Cambridge University. It would have made a splendid test for Cambridge and an enjoyable week-end for everyone. I do not know the exact team that Stanley Morrison was going to bring down for the '32 Club, but at least two Walker Cup players, Morton Dykes and Gordon Peters, were coming, together with a number of Scottish International players. The club, by the way, for the benefit of less knowledgeable readers, is so called because it was founded in 1932 and has 32 members—not counting two of the 1936 United States team, Charlie Yates and Walter Emery, who are honorary members. Nearly all the 32 are first-class players.

The match was scratched by P. B. Lucas, the Cambridge captain, on the grounds that his team were getting stale—which doubtless they were. He has proved himself an able and vigorous captain as well as a fine golfer, and has successfully withstood the light of publicity for four years or more, so that a minor criticism now will not, I trust, be misconstrued.

I do not think he should have scratched this match. If Cambridge are getting stale, that's their fault. The price should be paid by them, not by distinguished golfers who were prepared to come all the way from Scotland to play them. Lucas took a firm line in the matter. "The University match is our first interest now," he said at the time, "and playing another week-end match would have prejudiced our chances. Some people will take it amiss, I know, but it simply can't be helped." He pointed out, one should add, that Cambridge had in addition a match against the Professionals on March 10, together with two competitions of their own.

It all brings us to the question of how seriously one should take sport at the Universities. Perhaps it varies according to the sport. Rowing men sacrifice their entire time, the company of their fellow-undergraduates (usually), and, as is popularly supposed, a few years



BEN FOORD IN TRAINING—FOR GOLF

The British and Empire Heavy-Weight Champion is seen putting in a bit of training for his fight with Tommy Farr at Harringay on March 15. Both Foord and Farr are "tens" at golf. Ben Foord has also got an engagement with Len Harvey later!

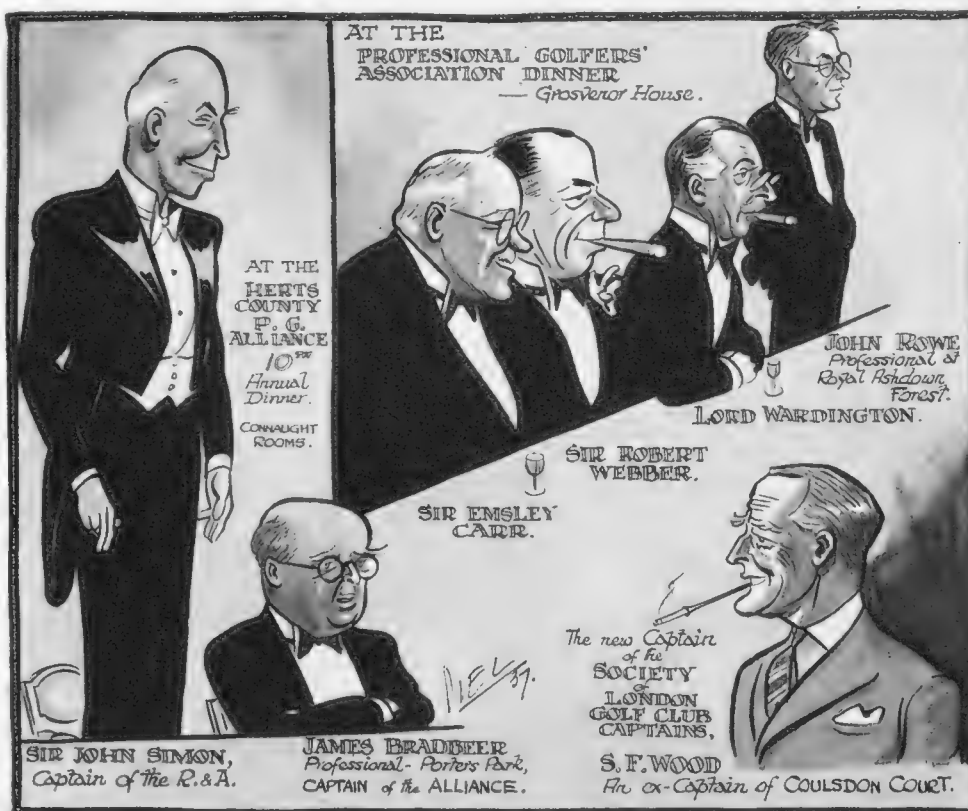
of their later life to row in the Boat Race for twenty minutes—and are the subject of general approbation. George Kemp-Welch, on the other hand, raised a storm of indignant protest when he took the Cambridge soccer team to train with Derby County for a few days. "Not playing the game, sir," they said.

The golfers have confined themselves in the past to individual tuition in small doses. This year, for the first time, I think, in University history, they launched out into a fortnight's mass tuition—though it should be borne in mind that each man was only present on five of those days. Some people are saying that this is taking golf too seriously and that no wonder they are stale It all depends, of course, on your point of view.

The touring team of professionals has come home from South Africa, having put in nearly four months of extremely hard work. They played more than thirty matches. All agreed Humewood to be the best course they had seen in the Union, while Padgham, writing in a Cape Town newspaper, said that the coastal courses at Durban (Beachwood), Durban Country Club, East London, and Port Elizabeth compared favourably with any chain of courses anywhere. The last two of these, incidentally, were reconstructed by Colonel S. V. Hotchkiss, the presiding genius of Woodhall Spa, which, in my humble opinion, is one of the three best inland courses in England. Altogether, Colonel Hotchkiss

has made three new courses in South Africa and reconstructed twenty others.

The professionals, of course, were unable to be present at the Professional Golfers' Association's first official dinner, which was a pity, for that function was a resounding success. Members came from all parts of the country, many of them acting upon Commander Roe's suggestion to bring the secretary and captain of their clubs as guests. Everyone directly or remotely connected with golf, it seemed, was there. I may have been at cross-purposes with the Professional Golfers' Association sometimes in the past—but no one could find anything but praise for their dinner.



GOLFERS IN THE NEWS: BY "MEL"

Sir John Simon (left), the Home Secretary, presided at the tenth Annual Dinner of the Herts County Professional Golfing Alliance held recently in London. Sir John is the reigning captain of the Royal and Ancient. James Bradbeer has been with Porters Park G.C. for thirty-two years. Sir Emsley Carr took the chair at the P.G.A.'s first dinner and was amongst the speakers, as also were Lord Wardington and John Rowe. Mr. S. F. Wood was invested Captain of the Society of London Golf Club Captains at a cocktail-party given by the Society at the Empire Service Club, St. Ermin's, on February 25

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS GOLFING SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER

This flourishing Golfing Society held its thirty-first Annual Dinner recently at the May Fair Hotel. The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr. Douglas H. Fish, Captain of the Society, and Mr. Bernard Darwin responded. The names at the top table are: Major A. H. Killick, Secretary of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, Bernard Darwin, old Cambridge Golf Captain (1897), British International and foremost of our golf writers, Douglas H. Fish, G. E. V. Crutchley, a former Middlesex cricketer, J. M. Theobald, President of the Society and of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution. Second row: Stanley J. Bell, Managing Director of Associated Newspapers, Lord Bective, H. Emerson Smith, Colin McIver, an Oxford double Blue, and Harlowe Lowe. In front: E. Anthony Hawke and Harry D. A. Watney, Hon. Sec. of the Society

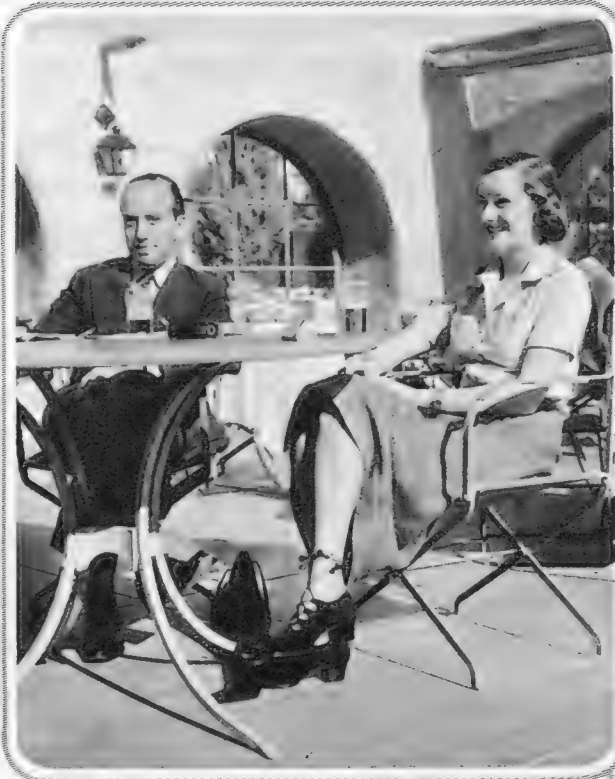
COW-PUNCHING AT PALM SPRINGS



AT PALM SPRINGS: MRS. A. LOTHROP, LADY CASTLEROSSE
AND MRS. RICHARD HOFFMAN



THE HON. DROGO AND MRS. MONTAGU
WITH MRS. NORTON



MR. IGNATIUS DE LANDRA AND
MRS. BERNARD RUBIN



MR. MARTIN BENSON
AND A ROPE



PHOTOS: FRANK BOGERT
RIDE 'IM, COWBOY! MR. AND MRS.
BURTON FISKE

Cow-punching as a serious pastime really calls for more cows than are to be found in the neighbourhood of El Mirador, Palm Springs, and the sort of country where "chaps" are necessary might also require something more resistant than cloth-top boots. Mr. Martin Benson (who is the founder of a very well-known bookmaking firm) looks very well on it, despite his recent operation. (His old friend Sir Edward had, presumably, gone to send a telegram!) Mrs. Burton Fiske is the former Lady Chaytor, widow of the sixth Baronet and mother of Sir William Chaytor; her husband is seen assisting with a not-so-frightfully-formidable bronc. The Hon. Drogo Montagu, Lord Sandwich's son, and his wife were staying with Lord Beaverbrook, her father. Lady Castlerosse, wife of the prominent and literary Viscount Castlerosse, is the former Miss Doris Delevingne; Mrs. Bernard Rubin, seen below, is also a Londoner.



Tunbridge, New Bond Street

A HAPPY PAIR: LADY MORRIS AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER

Lady Morris, who was formerly Miss Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, is Lt.-Colonel David Edward Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's daughter and a kinswoman of the Earl of Lauderdale. Her marriage took place in 1933, and two years later her husband succeeded his distinguished father as second Baron Morris. Lord Morris is the only practising solicitor in the country with a seat in the House of Lords. Originally a Barrister of the Inner Temple, he was disbarred at his own request, being admitted a Solicitor in 1931. The first Lord Morris, after making his mark in Newfoundland's legal circles, entered the Newfoundland Parliament, attaining Ministerial rank as Attorney-General and then becoming Prime Minister. He was also a member of the British War Cabinet and of the Imperial Defence Committee. Lord and Lady Morris's cheerful elder daughter has the very distinctive Christian name of Aislinn. She will be three this year

AT THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY MEETING



THE HON. ALAN MACKAY, MAJOR HIBBERT, LADY PATRICIA MACKAY
AND MRS. LLEWELLYN WELL WEATHER-PROOFED



MRS. RONALD MURPHY TRYING
TO RESTORE CIRCULATION



CAPTAIN SIMON ORDE WITH
MRS. HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON



MAJOR C. P. C. MACNAUGHTAN (CENTRE)
WITH CAPTAIN AND MRS. KAYE



MR. A. H. OSBORNE AND HIS WIFE,
FORMERLY MISS PRIMROSE SALT

Sleet and wind combined to make 'chasing at Aldershot a pretty glacial business on the final day of the bona-fide Military Meeting, and never have braziers, been more welcome. Other hot favourites were Lt.-Colonel E. D. Fanshawe's Ich Dien, winner of the Queen's Bays Stapylton Cup, and More Magic, which gave Brevet-Lt.-Colonel H. Lumsden another winning ride in the Staff College Past and Present Race. Major C. P. C. Macnaughtan, Colonel Fanshawe's second-in-command, officiated as starter. A grand total of 132 runners came under his orders at the meeting, two of them being his own. Mr. A. H. Osborne, who is also in the Queen's Bays, had a ride in the Regimental Race and in the Tweseldown Open Cup. His decorative wife, who made such a stir when she came out some three seasons ago, is the daughter of Major-General H. F. Salt, Director of Movements and Quartering, East Indies Command. Lady Patricia Mackay and her brother Alan, who is three years her junior, are popular members of Lord Inchcape's family

PICTORIALLY PERTINENT !



A HIGH OLD TIME FOR IRENE HARVEY AND ALLAN JONES, HER HUSBAND

Allan Jones and his attractive young wife were still honeymooning on Lake Arrowhead, Cal., when they were photographed, but he is due back at work soon to go into "A Day at the Races," with the Marx Brothers. Loretta Young, who has been acting all her life, which dates from 1913, is in the new 20th Century-Fox film, "Love is News." Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old film prodigy, is the big news in "Three Smart Girls," due at the Gaumont Haymarket Theatre on March 15, with Binnie Barnes and Charles Winniger co-operating in their best style, as will be noticed. The performance is a gala premiere in aid of the Margaret Club and Day Nursery, and is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the presidency of Lady Titchfield

(ON RIGHT) IN "THREE SMART GIRLS" CHARLES WINNIGER WITH BINNIE BARNES, DEANNA DURBIN, BARBARA READ AND NAN GREY



LORETTA YOUNG IN "LOVE IS NEWS"



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

"SOMETHING new, something new," clamour Messrs. Leslie Henson and Fred Emney, in *Swing Along*, as they scratch heads while pretending to search for wisecracks and modern instances. Actually, they need for themselves little that is new: so long as Henson is present with husky voice and those eyes that roll and goggle at the fearful oddity around him, the formula for his musical shows can stay unchanged, invention being required only for the gags and frantic situations. Outside that stock company under Mr. Firth Sheppard's banner, however, musical comedy at large is sadly in need of something new. Whatever the dress and background—horsey, stagey, May-fair, Continental, Balkan, or Transatlantic—its basic mixture is the same: flimflam, sophisticated slapstick, syncopation, titivation, twinkle-twinkle and much ado about the good old misunderstanding as between girl and boyish light comedian. Except for the syncopation, the quicker tempo, and the replacement of sleek tenor by slick comedian as hero, it has changed hardly at all since the days of picture hats and George Edwardes. Every few years something fairly new—a *Showboat* or a *Music in the Air*—makes composer's and producer's history. But the next adventure in breaking fresh ground for the million who want their entertainment to be set to glittering tunes ends in flop; whereat the presenters of musical comedy heave a sigh and sink back into their familiar rut.

On Your Toes is something fresh, something original and different, something entirely successful. Because it is bright, funny, tuneful and easy to understand in despite of its intelligence, it goes well with the crowd who flock to musical shows on the grand scale (though some of them are a bit shocked by the laughter at a burlesque of the



ON THEIR TOETIPS:
VERA ZORINA,
JACK WHITING



TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM: JACK WHITING, GINA MALO

ballet, which they mistake for one of the synthetic ballets that are frequent in Hippodromes and Palladiums). It also goes well with the highbrows because it mocks at the Russian Ballet to which they flock each summer, but does it with a mockery that understands, and seems to admire, what it ridicules. Even I, who prefer almost anything on stage or screen to musical comedy, was glad to see it in London after seeing it a few months earlier in New York; and I enjoyed it the second time as much as the first, although an American comedian of unusual talent had replaced an American comedian of near-genius.

There is a plot, slender enough not to be a distraction but firm enough to be a central thread for the witty pattern of entertainment, concerning a third generation scion of vaudeville aristocracy who, forced into the respectable calling of music teacher, reverts to type and climbs into opera ballet over the live body of a prima ballerina; a girl-pupil who kisses teacher and is for ever writing theme-songs that must be worth a lot in royalties to the show's composer and lyricist (New York's famous Rodgers and Hart); and a beautiful male dancer who hires gangsters for dirty work in the stage-box on a first night. As for the musical score, it varies between the cynico-sentimental ("It Must be Love, It Can't be Tonsillitis"), the epidemic and irresistible (the title-song, "On Your Toes," for instance), the occasionally banal and Tin Pan Alley, and the finely satirical. But it is always apt and modernistic in the popular sense. The dances vary between hoofing, polished and first-class, and an up-to-the-minute ballet of new New York, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," which is as pungent and expressionist a concoction as *Union Pacific* or any other in the Russian Ballet's recent manner. Between the two extremes comes the burlesque, brilliantly conceived and executed, of *Scheherazade* and other pieces from the same Russo-Oriental vintage. This progresses from opening movements which can be mistaken for the real thing to a finale of controlled caperings that are hilarious as (and more luscious than) anything by

By ALAN BOTT



VAUDEVILLE ARISTOS: BARRIE MANNING, IRENE NORTH AND PHILIP MORGAN

Nervo and Knox. For this extravagance the music is wickedly "after" Rimsky-Korsakov; the choreography is as wickedly Fokine-and-soda; and the costumes hover deliciously between caricature and Leon Bakst.

The most side-splitting moment in the whole show is when Jack Whiting,

as the young musical pundit who has bluffed his way into the corps de ballet, bounds into a line of negro slaves, having blacked his face, neck and arms but forgotten to do as much for the white satin-skin of his body. Mr. Whiting is remarkably versatile: he has at command at least three different styles of dancing; his singing is pleasant and individual; and when flagrantly enticed, he is as comic an eye-rolling vampee as any I have seen. He is vigorous always, but the vigour is kept on the leash of natural manner, and his effects are as quiet as they are successful. There is no point in making comparison with Ray Bolger, who in New York was so devastating in this rôle; but here is a comedian who, in London at any rate, has something entirely individual to offer.

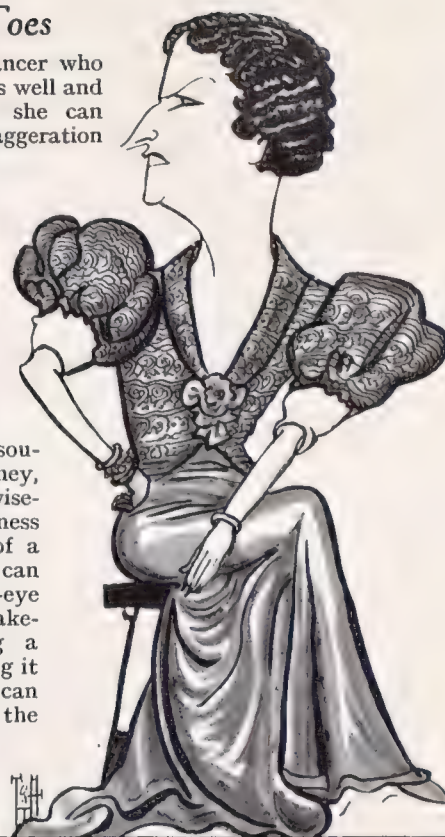
Vera Zorina, the prima ballerina, is as successful and almost as many-sided, being that rare combination,

On Their Toes

an authentic ballet dancer who can use words nearly as well and just as amusingly as she can use movements. Her exaggeration of the technique for allurements is funnier than any of the vaudeville imitations of Theda Baras and Pola Negri in the days when films were silent but flamboyant. Gina Malo is a useful partner for Jack Whiting, and is perhaps a bit above the average in sou-

brettes. Olive Blakeney, as usual, rattles off wisecracks with the quickness and staccato timing of a machine-gun. Nobody can hit the verbal bull's-eye as inevitably as Miss Blakeney does in defining a strip-tease girl or laying it down that a good man can love two women at the same time, if he is very good.

The creator, however, can hardly have intended her to sing much: her singing voice is more tuneful than a machine-gun, but not much more. Eddie Pola is ably in character as a young Jewish genius with kind heart and overweening vanity. The same applies to Vernon Kelso and Jack Donahue as gentlemen of the Russian Ballet. Theatre: The Palace. General Appeal: Excellent.



WISECRACKS BY OLIVE BLAKENEY



AMONG THOSE PRESENT: VERNON KELSO, EDDIE POLA



DIRTY WORK AT THE STAGE DOOR: HERBERT DOUGLAS, BLAKE DORNEY, JACK DONAHUE

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

IF it is true, *Très Cher*, that "an elephant never forgets," the baby pachyderm Augustus will have something to remember for the rest of his life in the sensational christening-party that was held in his honour the other evening. Augustus was born at Douai, in the Amar Circus menagerie, last August, but it is only within the last few weeks that his mama has allowed him to "feel his feet" and gambol in public. It was necessary, of course, to celebrate the health and sturdy growth of the first ephalunt born in captivity with great clashing of cymbals and other joyous noises, therefore an elaborate christening ceremony seemed as good a way as any. Paris honoured the baby "pachy" and thus the baby brought kudos to the coffers of the Association Parisienne de la Presse du Music-Hall et de la Piste, for the christening took place at the end of a gala performance at the Empire—generously loaned by the Amar brothers—with an all-star programme of music-hall and circus "turns." The place was packed. Chairs had been placed in the promenade at the back of the stalls, and these were sold out an hour after the box-office opened. The boxes were filled with the usual notabilities and the now-usual sprinkling of gardenias, and the front rows of the stalls were samee-samee, except, here and there, for a few of the lounge-suited, red-cravatted individuals who pride themselves on being blots on the social landscape. In the upper circle and gallery, and standing in the promenade on both sides of the stalls, pressed an eager crowd; Parisians love the circus, and appreciate the finer points of a juggling or an acrobatic turn with all the knowledge of connoisseurs.

Perhaps you think that Augustus was given his name because he was born in the month of August. *Nong par*. He is called Augustus because that happens to be Maurice Chevalier's second name, and since Maurice Chevalier and Josephine Baker were godpapa and godmama, it was fitting that the ephalunt's child should bear one of his sponsor's names, and obviously one couldn't call "him" Josephine! As a rule, we do not believe in keeping children up late at night, but this was an exceptional occasion, and it was nearly half-past one when the hero of the evening appeared. Have you ever seen a baby elephant? At six months it weighs about one hundred kilos, and it is as playful as any kitten or puppy of that age; it also has a tricky, kid-like way of butting with its dimpled head, and a playful butt with a couple of hundred pounds' weight behind it is something to beware of, so that we had the amusing spectacle of godmama and godpapa dashing to the safety of the wings (for the ceremony took place on the stage) every time baby blinked his naughty little eye in their direction. Having had his little joke, baby's next move was to nestle under the tent-like spread of his mama's tum-tum and peep out from between her sturdy forelegs. Then Maurice, gingerly holding the fizzing bottle of champagne that was to be splashed over baby's nose, would emerge from "O.P.", while, just as gingerly, Josephine would appear from "P."!—and this unrehearsed game of you-see-me-and-I-see-you was quite the funniest thing of the evening. However, Maurice ended by wetting the tip of Augustus's trunk with a few drops of Heidsieck *sans année*, and Josie pulled his tail for luck, which so startled the baby that he sat down somewhat heavily on his mama's foot, at which she spanked him good and hard with her trunk, and thus ended the party—for the baby, at all events. Most of us went on to Josephine's night club and finished the night there.

We didn't take baby for several reasons, the three most important being that it was high time for him to hit the hay, that champagne doesn't seem to be his tippie, and that even Miss Chrysler 1924 jibbed at the idea of loading him in the speeder!

Perhaps you think that all this was quite sufficient tamasha about one wee ephalunt! When we do things over here we have a way of doing 'em thoroughly, however, and, not content with this "lay" christening, two days later the Bishop of Bourges gave



IN THE CONCERT MAYOL REVUE:
MLLE. BETTY HOPP

Betty Hopp is a very clever little lady who dances and sings in the new revue at the Concert Mayol. She is a very attractive person and no relation (not by a jugful!) of John Hop, the traditional Australian policeman-cop!



T. Plas

A LOVELY HOMECOMER:
ARLETTE MARSHALL

Arlette Marshall has been in Hollywood for several seasons "on and off," but she has now returned to her native Paris, to that city's no small gain and pleasure. To her ability as an actress she adds great charm and beauty, as is plainly shown in the new portrait of her seen above

Augustus another send-off. At least Augustus was included in the *bénédiction* that his Lordship pronounced before the Amar Circus took to "the road" for the summer months. The big travelling-tents had been set up in the open space which now exists at the Porte d'Auteuil and which was railed off by wooden palings, painted in the red and white of the Amar colours. All the children of the district were crowding round them, thrilled by the caravans and the innumerable travelling-cages of the menagerie—to say nothing of Augustus and the "real-live" Bishop. The former showed a very nice comprehension of what is due to the clergy and remained coyly pressed against his mama's flank, instead of romping as he did on the stage at the Empire. I had felt somewhat anxious, for, while it would have been all in the evening's work if Maurice had been butted into the orchestra, we should have hated to see his Lordship treated with such indignity.—PRISCILLA.



COLOURED
BUT
NOT PLAIN:
TWO RECENT
IMPRESSIONS
OF A
GREAT LITTLE
ARTISTE

JOSEPHINE BAKER'S TWO BEST AND MOST RECENT PORTRAITS

These two quite recent portraits of our exotic and talented Josephine are considered her best ever both by the original and by a whole lot of other people. Josephine is having a terrific success in the new revue at the Folies Bergère, and she has also opened a new night club to which all Paris which does not go to bed early is flocking. To foregather, "Chez Joe" is decidedly the smart thing to do at the moment in the French capital, and as the club is artistically decorated and extremely well run and well found, and the cabaret, which includes Josephine Baker herself, first-class, it deserves all the success that is coming to it



THE HUNTING GAME WITH A CAMERA



AT A PYTCHLEY MEET: MRS. F. E. B. WIGNALL AND HER DAUGHTER, ANN



MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H., WITH COLONEL JOHN GRETTON AND LADY FLOYD



PREPARING TO HUNT WITH THE PYTCHLEY: MISS SELKIRK-WELLS



IN THE WHADDON COUNTRY: CAPTAIN G. BABINGTON AND MRS. FANSHAW



AT OWSTON: MRS. ERIC MARTIN SMITH AND HER DAUGHTER, DIANA



THE HON. MRS. RUPERT HARDY AT A RECENT PYTCHLEY MEET

The camera still pursues the hunting game with vigour. Exploring the Pytchley country at Swinford, it encountered, amongst others, Mrs. Robin Grosvenor's sister-in-law, Mrs. F. E. B. Wignall, who is hunting from Thornby Grange. A Cottesmore occasion brought the Master, Mr. Hilton Green, Colonel Gretton and his daughter, Lady Floyd, into the picture. Mrs. Eric Martin Smith, from Pickwell Manor, was also observed at a Cottesmore meet. The bottom left-hand photograph was taken on the day the 16/5th Lancers Point-to-Point Race, won by Captain R. G. Fanshawe's Peter Pan, preceded a hunt with the Whaddon Chase. Captain G. Babington is in the regiment



Lenarc, George Street, W.

LADY REVELSTOKE AND THE HON. JOHN BARING

This particularly engaging picture of Lord Revelstoke's wife and son is the result of very recent camera activities, which the Hon. John Baring found a quite amusing experience. Tall for his age—he won't be three till December—John is also an extremely intelligent young person, and that he "has a way with him" is obvious to many people besides his parents. The marriage of Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh to Lord Revelstoke took place quietly at the bride's Northamptonshire home, Easton Neston, in the spring of 1934, two months after the sudden death of Lord Revelstoke's father, the third Baron. The following year Lady Revelstoke's father, Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, was raised to the peerage as Lord Hesketh. Lord and Lady Revelstoke live mostly in London, but they often go and stay at Easton Neston and rarely miss a Towcester meeting.

"THE STARS THAT HAVE MOST



AT THE BENEFIT FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS: GLADYS COOPER, MAURICE EVANS
AND GRACE GEORGE



RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD: MARLENE DIETRICH GREETED BY ERNST LUBITSCH

Photo: Hyman Fink

BEATRICE LILLIE AT THE

The worthy poet who penned the page showed unconscious for the stars to which he prim "stars" such as these picture in good causes. Ungrudging charity has long been a sple the screen has followed that at the Radio City Music H the innumerable sufferers fr Southern States of the Union actors and actresses were muc of our many pleasant mem who is Mrs. William A. Bra the well-known actress of sta who seems permanently an forming, and a magnificent t bining Noel Coward (who v only Evelyn Laye, Frank Law Lawrence, Noel Coward's at 8.30, as in much past hi giving a very fine perfor accorded much deserved app have just returned to this cou Richard Tauber in *Pagan*

GLORY, HAVE NO REST"—(SAMUEL DANIEL 1562—1619)



THE FLOOD BENEFIT: DOLORES PALLETT, NOEL COWARD, EVELYN LAYE, FRANK LAWTON AND GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

FLOOD SUFFERERS' BENEFIT

the line at the head of this
sight of to-day. But while
referred cannot stop, the
display are active voluntarily
giving of their best work for
did tradition of the stage and
ad. The Benefit Performance
l in New York was in aid of
n the appalling floods in the
At this performance British
in evidence. Gladys Cooper,
ies, was with Grace George,
y and mother of Alice Brady,
e and screen. Beatrice Lillie,
ored in the States, was per-
am is seen on the right, com-
s Master of Ceremonies, our
on, her husband, and Gertrude
perfect coadjutor in *To-night*
ory. Frank Lawton has been
ance in *Promise* and was
ciation. He and Evelyn Laye
ry; she is to play the lead with
, which will appear in May



Photo: Hyman Fink

GLORIA SWANSON AND CHESTER MORRIS AT THE SCREEN ACTORS' GUILD BALL

CELEBRITIES ON

THE BLUE COAST



SIR GERALD AND LADY BURKE AT THE
SPORTING CLUB, MONTE CARLO



AT CANNES: LADY (MALCOLM) CAMPBELL
AND MRS. CYRIL DAVIS



AT BEAULIEU: MRS. W. MERRICKS AND
THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE
AND MR. HODGSON AT MONTE CARLO



LORD PORTARLINGTON AND
MRS. TONY STOCKER



MRS. HOWARD COPLAND AND MR. GEORGE
ARLISS AT THE SPORTING CLUB

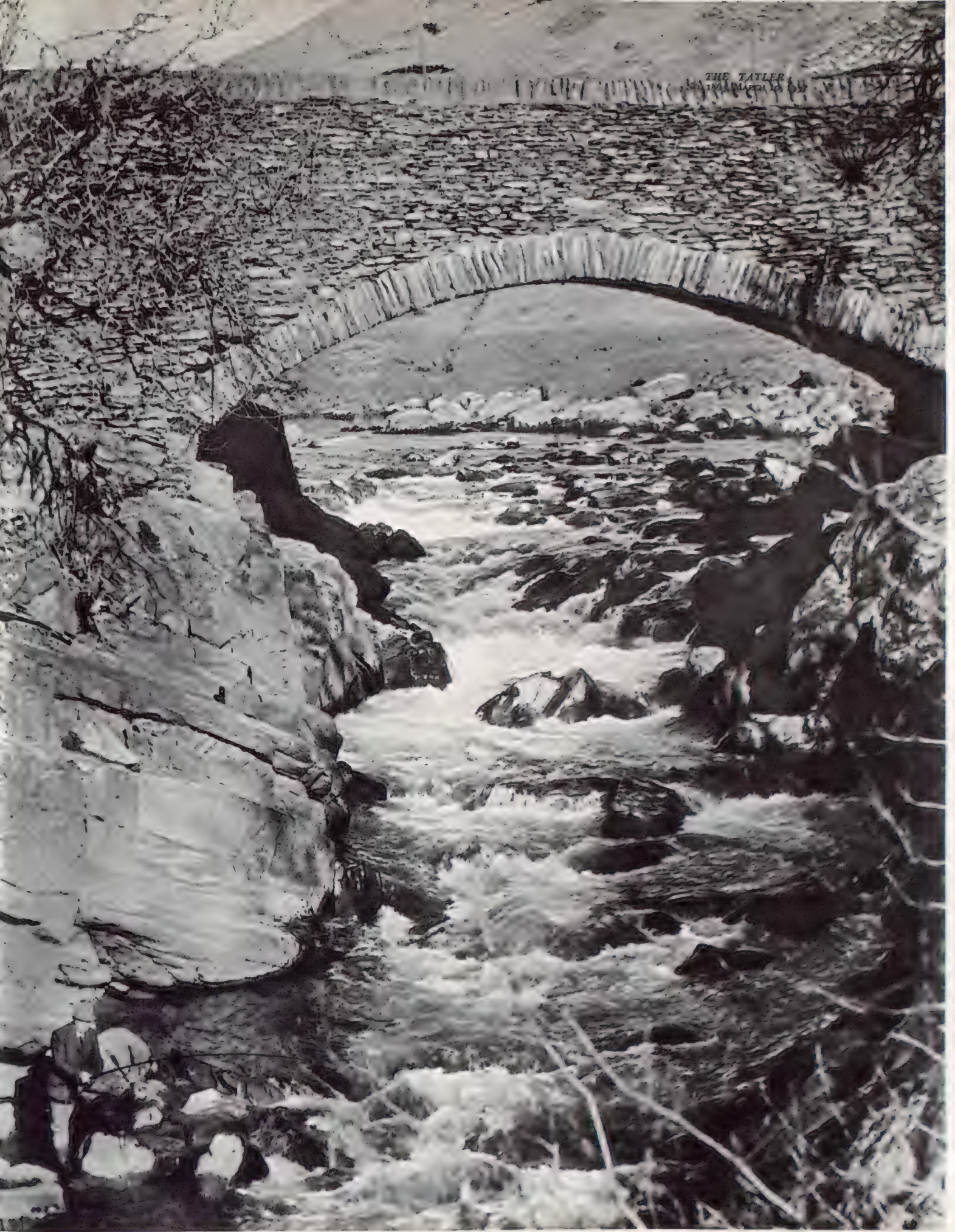


LORD AUCKLAND AND MRS. ALLINSON
AT MONTE

Monte Carlo, where many of these pictures were taken, is still as full as ever, and no one could blame anyone, who is able to do so, for keeping out of this England, where mildew grows while you wait and even that hardy race, our foxhunters, consider the soft falling the limit. A necessarily compressed catalogue of the people in these pictures tells us that Sir Gerald Burke, a present Deputy Lieutenant for Co. Galway, used to be in the Irish Guards; that Lady Campbell is the wife of the renowned Sir Malcolm, and that Mrs. Cyril Davis is the wife of the yachting celebrity; that the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, hard at it playing in the tennis tournament with Mrs. W. Merricks, is Lord Rothermere's son and heir; that Lady Cambridge was at the Sporting Club; that Mrs. Tony Stocker, who is with Lord Portarlington, is the former Miss Peta Davis; that Mr. George Arliss needs no introduction to anyone; that Lord Auckland, head of a cadet branch of Mr. Anthony Eden's family, was also snapped at the Sporting, and that Lord Michelham, who is seen with Donna Carlo Raggio, had then only just arrived from a visit to America. Donna Carlo has an attractive villa at Cap Martin



LORD MICHELHAM AND DONNA CARLO
RAGGIO



THE TATLER
1841

SALMON FISHING: THE RIVER LUNE, WESTMORLAND

J. Hardman, Kendal

If now, with a sudden plunge and the water flying,
The rod jar suddenly with fighting strain,
The stream's song change to a shout with the reel replying,
The blood shall leap and the heart beat fast again.
Yet still, if nothing shall move nor the gods be kind,
The angler shall laugh with the water, sing with the wind.

A. M. HARBORD



Truman Howell

A PRESENTATION TO THE JOINT-MASTER OF THE LLANGIBBY HOUNDS

His grateful field gave Captain W. R. Bailey, their Joint-Master, who also carries the horn, a post-wedding present of a silver salver, and the Chairman of the Hunt Committee, Mr. Pemberton Steer, is seen performing the happy office. Captain Bailey carries on alone next season, as his Joint, Mr. Dawson, is retiring

The names in the group are (left to right): Mrs. G. B. Dawson, Mr. Talbot Laybourn, the oldest member, Mr. G. B. Dawson, M.F.H., Captain W. R. Bailey, M.F.H., Brig.-General C. S. Owen (sec.) and Mr. Edward Pemberton Steer

Of course, they only do it for fun and needn't go out if they don't want to, but the hard fact remains that the

you would be fresh as paint; and finally, foxes and hounds running clean away from you in spite of your having got out of the gate as quick as the next man! A little "Picture in the Fire" principally for overseas consumption, since, as I know from experience gained during many years of exile, everyone who is not there always imagines that he is missing something that is super-excellent. Believe me, you are not—at the moment!

Can it be wondered, then, if someone you fall in with, hacking back to the "car-park" after the battle, says: "It really isn't worth it!" This chap had been trodden on as his horse got up after slipping up in a squelchy landing; he was all muddy and bloody, and his best horse had had to be sent home in a box, lame as a tree. I suppose if one measured things only by the misfortunes it would not be worth it; but if you have kissed the Philosopher's Stone, as well as the Blarney Stone, you can find compensation in almost anything, same like that adorable person Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. If the foibles and failings of our frail humanity still provide living drama for you and your sense of humour is not completely dead and buried, you may yet hit a good deal of fun out of things, however bad and mildewy they may be. At least, that is how it takes dis nigger!

What a kaleidoscope it all is: a magic shadow show of non-stop variety. Pick your pictures almost where you will, they all tell some sort of a story, and usually a good one. Take that cross-word chap whose horses ought always to be given a narcotic before he is allowed to get on their backs. He is always certain that they are going to run away with him—all imagination, of course; and yet he carries on because he'd just hate to think what the people who can't bear him would say if he stopped. His nerve went to scatters years ago! Rather a

Pictures in the Fire

often abused fox-hunter has had, and is still having, one of the most sloppy and miserable seasons within the memory of living man. A sad tale of over-reaches from people who have not taken the precaution of having their horses' hind shoes bevelled; stories of shoulders nearly pulled out of them as they try to surge across the soggy fields; of an unending succession of water-jumping over the brimful furrows; the best horse that ever was sewed up after a couple of miles or so, when, under normal conditions, he would be meeting them with his ears still cocked at the end of seven; clothes and boots looking as if they were only fit to be burnt; wet to the teeth and tired almost to tears, when ordinarily



AT BEAULIEU: MRS. RALPH THOMAS AND LADY ROSABELLE BRAND

Lady Rosabelle Brand, by her first marriage, to the late Mr. D. C. Bingham, is Lady Warwick's mother, she married in 1916 the late Lt.-Col. Charles Brand. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Rosslyn



Swabe

THE CHILDREN OF LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS

Lady Rosemary Eliot, the elder of Lady Blanche Douglas's two daughters by her marriage to the late Lord St. Germans, is on the right of this group, and her younger sister, Lady Kathleen, is on the left. The little boy is Sir James Douglas, Lady Blanche Douglas's son by her second marriage, to the late Captain George Scott Douglas, who was killed in a polo accident



Howard Barrell

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

The Duke of Portland's son and heir is the senior Master of the historic old pack, and he and Lady Titchfield, a daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, are both deservedly popular in the country. They say a good horse is never of a bad colour, and this nice-fronted skewbald looks the kind most people would like to ride

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT BEAULIEU: LADY HARDWICKE AND THE HON. LADY LINDLEY

Lady Hardwicke, who married Lord Hardwicke in 1934, is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, G.C.M.G. Lady Lindley is an aunt of the present Lord Lovat



Howard Barrett

THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD, SENIOR MASTER OF THE RUFFORD

Lord Titchfield first came to these hounds in 1930, and so beat his Joint-Master, Colonel R. Thompson, by one year, and so far as is known the happy alliance is carrying on. It is a great old country with which to have to do

tragic picture, because once upon a time he was a crack.

* * *

Then there's that other chap, who knows everything, has done everything, and knows everyone, and the temperature of whose friendship with absent, especially if exalted, persons rises *pari passu* with their rank, so much so that a Duke is his twin brother by the time he has done with him. All most amusing, even on a bad day when maybe you have collected a right and left and sprained your thumb or cracked your collar-bone in the last one. Sir Moses Mainchance is not the only person who speaks of "Ladythorne, my noble and brother-master," when a long way removed from and out of earshot of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Ladythorne. I find this sportsman immensely good value. The way of him is usually this—

"Do you know Lord Lipstrap?"

"No," you say; "do you?"

"I know him frightfully well!"

At this point, if you have the nerve, you ought to say: "Does *he* know *you*?", or, "Oh, splendid! I'll remember you to him, as I'm lunching with him next Tuesday!" It is a good cork—but it may only prove a temporary stopper, for he is certain to try it on the next chap he thinks is loon enough to swallow his silly swagger.

"Major Hamstrung" is another who is first-class entertainment, if you have the priceless gift of being a good listener. He is the Blood, whose life has sped along a path of empurpled perjury. You simply cannot floor him, and he is quite game enough to tell you he has shot polar bears in Tanganyika, and ridden over Aintree in a 2-lb. saddle—just for fun, or to win a new hat. He stands a heavy 14 st. in his birthdays, as you happen to know. There's not a hunt in the Three Kingdoms in which he has not handed it out to the local specialists—cut 'em all down and hung 'em up to dry, in fact. Then when the little lady-doggies go off with a squeak and the wind increases in velocity and you hope to see him knocking the corner-pieces off the whole shooting match—he is seen no more! And the people who know him, and have heard all his tales of deeds by flood and field many times before, tell you that your suspicions were quite correct, and that he is just a Never Has and Never Will!

An interesting bit of case-law, as I think it may be permissible to call it, which supports all this is the adventure of Sir Bournemouth Rivington-Davies. It was his wont to tell the story against himself, under the firm conviction that it added weight. It went like this: "As I was standing outside the Carlton Club talking to the Marquess of Marchamption, a man passed and had the cheek to nod to me and say 'Hullo, Davies!' Of course, I took no notice. The Marquess tapped me on the arm and said: 'That man bowed to you,



LADY WILKINS SINGS TO HER HUSBAND AT MON PARIS, NEW YORK

Lady Wilkins, the wife of Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Arctic explorer, sings at Mon Paris, one of New York's night clubs. She recently gave a party for her explorer-husband and is seen in an interval between numbers with her husband at the table

Rivington-Davies—don't you *know* him?' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I *know* him, but I shouldn't *dream* of taking any notice of him when I am talking to you!' Whereupon Marchamption said: 'What a snob you are, Rivington-Davies—*what* a snob!' "

(Continued on page xii)



Claude Fisher

"A FINE OLD SCOUT": DR. H. H. BEMROSE

Dr. Bemrose is County Scout Commissioner for Derbyshire and, since his eightieth birthday will be on Saturday, March 13, is only 18 days younger than his chief, "B. P." Dr. Bemrose is a past Mayor of Derby and has been Chairman of the Higher Education Committee since 1905 and of the Education Committee since 1923. He is an authority on geology and is seen engaged in the pursuit of his hobby



THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE

A pretty picture of a dam and foal (1936), the property of Mrs. Barrington Moore, of Corfe, Taunton, Somerset. The foal is by Vanoc, and is a grandson of that great horse, Hurry On, who, as the breeding student, of course, knows, is inbred to St. Simon, as are so many of the best that have ever worn a racing plate. Hagioscope, on the sire's side, and Sanda, on the dam's, furnish all the necessary clues to those who know. No information as to how the foal's dam is bred has been vouchsafed, but her colour might mean something back to Roi Herode

THE oldest inhabitant had reached his ninetieth birthday, and to celebrate it he decided to walk from his home to the town in which he had been born—a distance of forty miles.

The local newspapers found out about this and followed the walk with great enthusiasm. As the old man arrived at his destination he was met by reporters, photographers and news-reel men, who proceeded to interview him.

"Well," they asked him, "and how did you get along?"

"Fine!" said the ninety-year-old. "Fine! That is, until I came to the last village but one."

"And what happened there?" they queried.

"Well," came the reply, "there's a notice there which says 'SPEED LIMIT 20 M.P.H.' That slowed me down a bit."

A man who had bad toothache and was afraid to visit a dentist thought he would try a faith curer.

"Pretend that you have no toothache," said the man of faith. "Persuade yourself that it is all imagination, suggested by an evil power. Say firmly: 'Get thee behind me!'"

"What!" gasped the suffering one, "and turn it into lumbago?"

They met at the club after a very "thick" night before.

"You know," said one, "old Sandy must have had a lot to drink last night."

"What makes you think that?" asked the other.

"Well, when I was taking him home he let me fall twice."

A pickpocket had been acting suspiciously at the race-meeting, and found himself in court. There was some difficulty in getting sufficient evidence to convict him, and the magistrate decided to let him off lightly as a lesson.

"You will be fined one pound," he announced.

"But your Worship," protested the prisoner, "I only have fifteen shillings on me."

"Very well," replied the magistrate with a sly smile, "just mingle with the crowd in court and get the other five shillings."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A man on holiday in Ireland was motoring through a remote district, when he came upon a poor woman sitting outside her cottage with all her furniture in the road around her.

He was moved to the heart. Here before his eyes was an eviction—a real Irish eviction—taking place. He had heard of such things, but had never witnessed one. He got out of his car and gave the woman some notes from his wallet.

"What is the trouble, my poor woman?" he asked in sympathy.

The old woman was near to tears as she murmured: "Shure, sir, my old man's whitewashing!"

Here are some more efforts from "Further Howlers," by Cecil Hunt (Harrap)—

"Cromwell had a pretty picture painted of Anne of Cleves because she was really a fat person. When she came to England she was so fat that Henry had her executed. He had Cromwell executed too. He then executed Catherine Howard, but Katherine Parr knew how to manage him, though he was so stout that he had to be moved about by Machinery. Henry had only six wives, but he had three children."

"Queen Elizabeth was sometimes called a virgin, but only behind her back."

"Gladstone loved everybody publicans and cinnners and irishmen. He wanted the irish to have Home rool but Mr. Chamberlin says no, so he got his blod up and killed Mr. Parnel."

"The discovery of tobacco was due to Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, who between them set such a light upon this country that someone said it would never be put out again except by a strong King or the Pope."



Necks

There's incomparable charm in a perfect neck—in the firm curve of the throat, in the smooth line that descends from ear to shoulder—in a neck that is worthy support of a beautiful head. Knowing this so well, Miss Arden has especially devised the following treatments to keep the neck young, surely poised and firmly moulded.

★ *Neck Exercise Treatment* One half hour with the Salon exercise expert, which includes a chart for you to take home for "follow-up" work, 1 guinea. ★ *Corrective Neck Massage* For double chins and ugly lumps at the back of the neck; the treatment includes the use of Elizabeth Arden's Electro-Reducing device, 15/-. ★ *Special Salon Face Treatment* to follow exercise and massage, includes make-up, 15/-. ELIZABETH ARDEN PREPARATIONS FOR HOME TREATMENT OF THE NECK. ★ *Gland Cream* for restoring youth and smoothness to skin and tissues; 30/-, 3 gns. and 5 gns. ★ *Special Astringent* for toning and tightening relaxed muscles and skin; 9/6, 17/6, and up. ★ *Cream and Astringent Patters* for applying the preparations *without* pulling the skin and muscles; 12/6 and 14/6, the two for 26/-.

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"UP, GUARDS...": SOME FLYING SOLDIERS AT HESTON

Many of the Iron Duke's most romantic remarks have been declared apocryphal and it is certain that he never said that Waterloo was won on the flying-field at Heston. But future wars will have much to do with the air, and soldiers are wise to know as much as they can about the new element. The picture shows Mr. G. Blaxter, Captains R. L. Preston and D. A. F. Home, of the Coldstream, and Mr. Grey Sykes, of the Scots Guards (Reserve), four enthusiastic members of the Household Brigade Flying Club

Values.

ATEN-STONE man, somebody has estimated, is composed of water, fat, carbon, phosphorus, magnesium, iron, lime and sulphur to a total value of approximately five shillings. It is not a flattering estimate, but it is a useful one, and some good may come by splitting up a private aeroplane in the same way. What are the ingredients of which flying is composed, and how much are they worth? There are transport, speed, comfort and pleasure. The transport value of aviation I should put at about 2½d., the speed value at 4d., the comfort at 15s. and the pleasure at about £100. It is because it is interesting and amusing that most people fly their own aeroplanes. They may talk a lot about the "value" of a private aeroplane in getting quickly from place to place, but that is solely because they feel they must justify the expenditure of anything from about £500 to £1500 on the machine. Actually, it is the fun of flying that is its greatest value, and that is why I look with favour upon the development of small, low-powered aeroplanes.

I have said that the pleasure value of owning an aeroplane is about £100 and that the other values amount to a relatively unimportant amount. From that we deduce two things: that the first cost of the aeroplane ought not to be much more than £100 per person, and that the aeroplane should be designed to extract the greatest possible interest from the act of controlling it. Speed and comfort fall relatively low in the scale of values. Transport is lowest. So we do not look for a large, commodious aeroplane with space for a couple of suit-cases and a beautifully upholstered cabin carefully sound-proofed and protected against the weather. We look for something that will fly easily and respond in a lively manner to the controls.



Bassano

DIRECTOR OF AN AIR-LINE: MRS. FRANK DAVISON

Mrs. Frank Davison is a co-director, with her husband, of Utility Airways, Ltd., of Hooton, Cheshire. She is believed to be the first woman director of an air company. The firm is negotiating an extension of its service to the North Wales coast and hopes to have this new section in operation in time for the holiday season

Noise.

Oxford has been saying a few words about the noise of aeroplanes, and I sympathise with it. The modern military aeroplane, with an engine giving nearly three times the power of the war-time engine, is a deafening conveyance. Put

(Continued on p. xx)

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Types.

A good many such machines now exist, and it is likely that there will be more of them in the future. There are the "Drone," the "Brawney," the "Luton Buzzard" and the "Topsy," and there is now the "Chilton." The "Chilton" is supposed to be almost ready for trial flights at the time of writing, and a description of it is given in that attractive and exceedingly bright publication *The Pylon*, the official organ of the D. H. Aeronautical Technical School. The "Chilton" is the work of A. R. Ward and A. Dalrymple, both old students of the School. It is a low-wing, single-seater, normally fitted with a 32-h.p. Carden engine. The span is 24 ft. and the total weight 630 lb. The maximum speed, according to calculation, should be 110 m.p.h. and the landing speed 32 m.p.h., while the range should be 400 miles. The price is expected to be about £250.

The price, it will be noted, is low compared with other aeroplanes, but not low enough to meet my hypothetical series of values. According to that series, a single-seater aeroplane ought not to cost much more than £100. But with existing methods of aeroplane-building there is no possibility of getting the price down as low as that, and we must be thankful for anything selling at less than £300.

In *The Pylon* also there is an article by R. L. Porteous on these ultra-light aeroplanes which pays tribute to the "Topsy," a machine I described in detail when it was first presented in this country at the Fairey Aerodrome. The "Topsy" sells at £265. The "Brawney," which I also described in these notes some time ago, sells at £198.



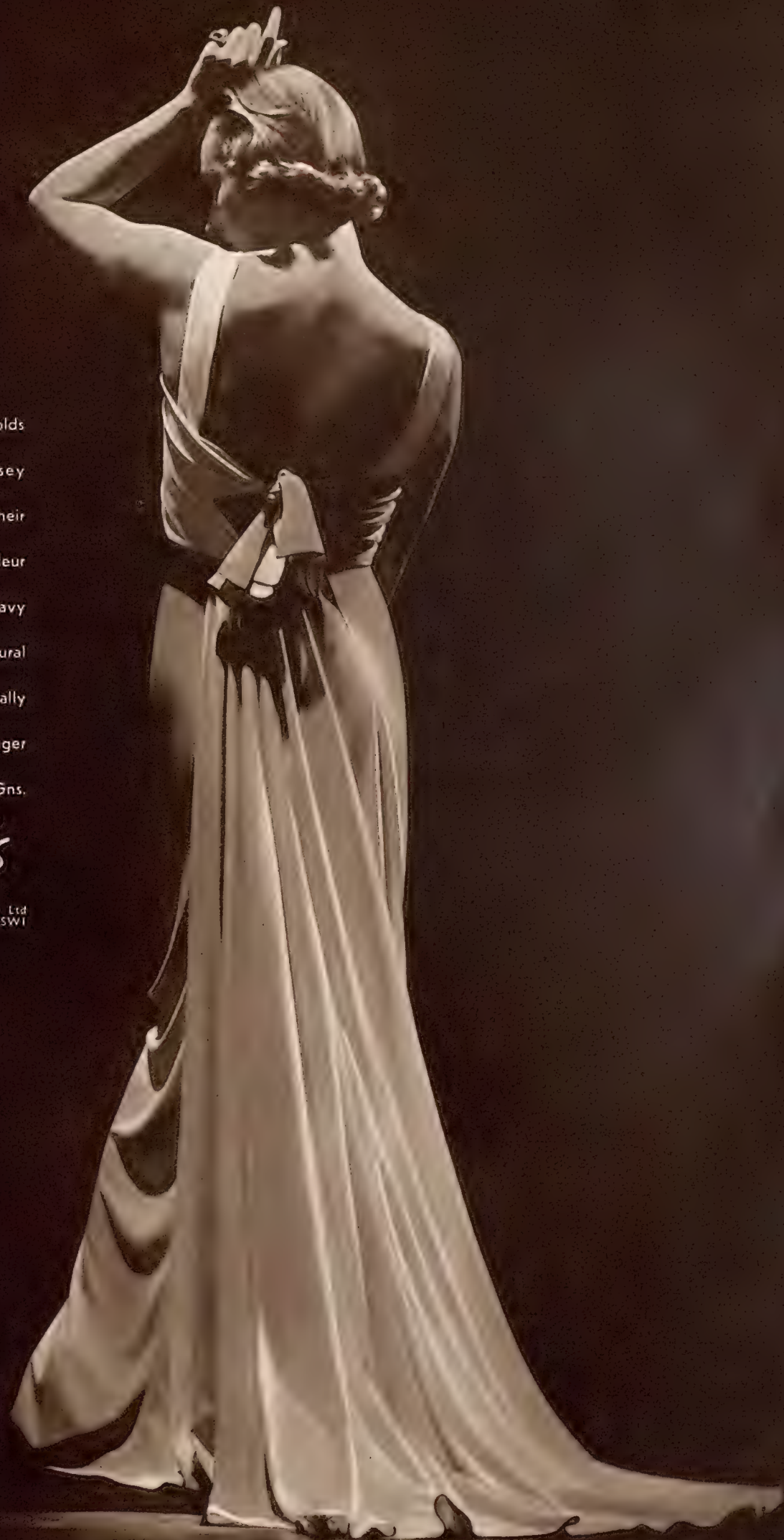
WITH HIS NEW MACHINE: THE HON. THOMAS FERMOR-HESKETH

The Hon. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, Lord Hesketh's eldest son, is in the Scots Guards, and is a pilot. He has recently taken delivery of a new Miles Whitney Straight monoplane from Brooklands Aviation Ltd.

The sculptural-looking folds of this white silk jersey evening gown suggest in their exquisite draping the grandeur of ancient Greece. A heavy gold girdle circles the natural waistline and ties loosely, casually in front. From The Younger Set Gown Salon for 12½ Gns.

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THE BLUE SCARAB

By OLIVER BALDWIN

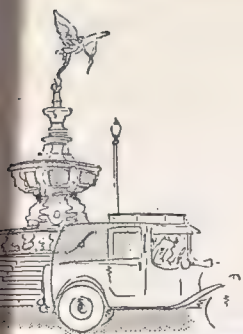
IT was a really hot afternoon, and that in Scotland late in August is not as rare as one is apt to imagine. Leslie Farnworth was tired as he trudged along the dusty road, and he began to wonder whether his idea of a walking holiday in summer was not an exaggerated form of enjoyment. He had eaten his lunch of sandwiches but a few minutes previously, and the thick slices of beef and bread had certainly not added to his physical comfort. In foreign countries, after lunch wise folk took their siesta: it might not be too bad a thing to imitate them, and if he could only find somewhere in the shade, there was no doubt that he would rest awhile. Unfortunately, however, there was no tree in sight. As far as eye could see, there was moorland, rolling and parched, devoid of man or beast. Just when he felt he really could not continue another yard, the rise of a hill showed him a trickling burn beneath, and across it an old stone bridge. Better than that even; the little dell through which the burn trickled so lazily was thickly covered with brushwood, and hard by the bridge a rowan-tree stood lone and unrustling, its branches offering shade. Leslie Farnworth reached the bridge and turned off down a track which led directly to the shadow of the tree. He was just about to sit, preparatory to lying down at full length and going to sleep, when he realised he was not alone, and that his sanctuary from the heat and dust had attracted another weary traveller. Half-lying on the bank, head and shoulders sheltered from the glare by low-branched brushwood, lay a man in a green jacket and knickerbockers, his brown-stockinged legs terminating in a thick pair of boots which were, strangely enough, resting in the water. Farnworth sat down and watched the man, and the more he watched, the stranger he thought was the man's attitude. Then came a feeling of curiosity. There must be some reason for this strange attitude; perhaps the man had fainted. He rose to his feet and moved towards him. His eyes, fixed on the thick wet boots, moved gradually up the body; then, parting the undergrowth, he saw a green woollen scarf round the neck of a man dead some days, whose head

(Continued on page 456)

He had never seen a dead man before, and the shock of it left him inert. His heart started to beat loudly, and this brought him to his senses



Dudley B. Tammann



FINE *for the theatre...*

At 'after-the-theatre' supper the other night, one woman *stood out*. She had beauty, charm, wit and was perfectly gowned . . . BUT SHE MISSED IT. She was wearing frightful, terrible stockings . . . seemingly a small point to many, but FATAL.

An easy answer . . . Bear Brand make perfectly fashioned, dull-lustred, *superfine* stockings in all the most fashionable and flattering shades. You can buy them for a mere 3/11 up to a dizzy 8/11.



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THE BLUE SCARAB—(Continued from page 454)

had apparently been beaten in by some blunt instrument, and he turned away and retched. He had never seen a dead man before, and the shock of it left him inert. His heart started to beat, as he thought, loudly, and this brought him to his senses. He must pull himself together; he must look round; must get help; must tell someone. He did look around, and his eyes rested on a silver ring, which shone in the sunlight as it lay on the stones at his feet. He stooped and picked it up and if there had been any colour in his face it would have left it there and then, pale and haggard. The ring was a blue scarab with two tiny gold dots for eyes, and Farnworth knew as he held it in his trembling hand that only one man in the world owned a ring like this one, and that was his friend Roger Sternhouse, the Egyptologist. But this man here was not Roger. Roger was tall and thin, while the poor battered creature at his feet was more his own size, square and short. There was but one solution, therefore, and the thought of it terrified Farnworth. He would not stay there another minute. He would take this incriminating ring and go straight back to London and find Roger and give it him back and say nothing. Not a word to anyone; not even Roger. It was the only thing to do.

Leslie Farnworth did not trouble to ring up his friend, he was in too much of a hurry and it was a surprised Roger Sternhouse who opened the door to him in the middle of breakfast.

"Good gracious me! What brings you here at this unearthly hour, and what have you been doing? You look as pale as a ghost," was the greeting.

"I wanted to see you—urgently," stammered Farnworth, his eyes glued to his friend's left hand, from which the blue scarab was missing.

"Come in then, and tell me about it," and Sternhouse ushered his friend into the flat, "Want any breakfast?"

"No, thank you."

"Sit down then."

But Farnworth did not sit. He stood in front of his friend and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket.

"A present for me?" asked Sternhouse.

"Yes," and Farnworth drew out the blue scarab and handed it to him. "I found it," he added, keeping his eyes on his friend's face.

Sternhouse jumped suddenly to his feet, and taking the ring with one hand, he clapped Farnworth heartily on the shoulder with the other.

"Good man," he said enthusiastically. "I lost it a week ago. To think you should be the finder. Where was it?"

"In Scotland," said Farnworth slowly.

"In Scotland? How the devil did it get there?" And Sternhouse raised his eyes to his friend's face and because of the look of doubt and unhappiness therein, he lowered them again. It was enough for Farnworth. He turned on his heel and walked hurriedly away. At all costs he must get away from Roger before he broke down. It was as plain as a pike-staff: the man was a criminal.

"Where are you going?" asked Sternhouse surprised.

"Home," replied Farnworth, and left the flat, running down the stairs as if pursued. And he was pursued, for Sternhouse called out: "Hi! wait a minute!"; and followed him out into the street, where Farnworth had already hailed a passing taxi in which he was driven away from his amazed and troubled friend.

Every day for the next week Leslie Farnworth read his newspapers diligently, while on Sunday he spent at least two hours in wading through every paper he could buy. There was no news of a murder in Scotland; no news of the arrest of his friend Roger Sternhouse; no appeals for anyone to come forward and testify to the whereabouts of a man wearing a green suit and a green scarf. As the weeks rolled by the horror of his discovery gradually melted away, and he was preparing to forget the whole tragedy when he received by post a little box containing the blue scarab ring and a letter

from his friend Sternhouse. It started with a humorous reference to the recipient's health, hoping that the "ghostly haunting," had ceased, and that he was now fully restored to his usual state of cheery well-being. It then went on: "The most extraordinary thing about it all is that there must be two rings. When I found I had lost mine I was certain I had mislaid it in the museum, and I got the whole staff to search for it. I must, however, be getting absent-minded in my old age, for yesterday there it was, lying under an old piece of soap which reposes—and has done for years—on the lavatory basin off the entrance hall—a basin I only use once in a blue moon. I compared the two rings, and they are absolutely identical, even to the size, perfection, and position of the two gold dots which look like eyes, but are unique on such scarabs, since the animal's eyes are obviously underneath and invisible on a stone of that shape and style. Therefore," the letter went on, "out of the kindness of my heart I am sending you back the ring you picked up, and am still wondering what strange place you must have found it in, since your behaviour that day showed me that possibly its hiding-place was a very questionable *lieu* which you were afraid to tell me of."

(Continued on page xvi)



Indre Shira

PRINCESS GAYANE MICKELADZE

The very attractive Georgian Princess who is making a name for herself both on stage and screen. At the moment Princess Gayane Mickeladze is playing the part of the Archduchess in the Southampton Repertory Company's production of "Tovarich," and her rendering of the rôle created by Eugenie Leontovich is a very polished one. The Princess, who belongs to a family which produced Aivassovsky, one of the greatest of Russian painters, escaped to Turkey during the Bolshevik revolution. By a curious twist of fate she was chosen to be the Bolshevik spy in Korda's admirable "Knight Without Armour" film



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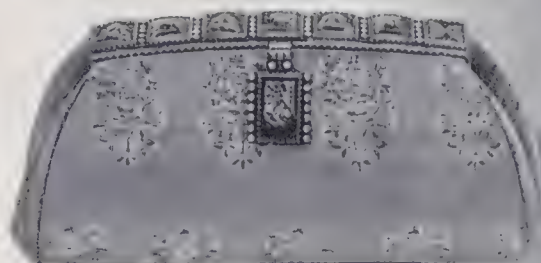
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From the Shires and Provinces

From the Warwickshire.

RAIN, rain, rain—endless and incessant rain—is the theme of the week, and Warwickshire does not boast any hill approaching Mount Ararat on which our little arks could rest. Goodish sport, all the same, and George looks like being first in the Armament race for the biggest bag in the Midlands. Tuesday last from Shipston-on-Stour the very best day of the season: a record crowd, going (especially round Wolford Wood) quite unspeakable, grief really impressive, and an unblemished back altogether the exception. The huntsman “went for six”—a proper one, and on a good horse, too—but he adjusted matters very quickly, thanks to a happily placed farm hand, and never lost his pride of place.

The worst of such a season as we are having is the heavy casualties to hunt horses; even the light-weights get through a perfectly incredible number. But fresh ones have to be produced somehow, like the rabbits from a conjuror's hat, and the broad smiles on the faces of the horse-dealing fraternity get more like the Cheshire Cat each week. Sorry for our “Belgian” visitors on Thursday at Sherbourne, for it was not much of a day, though there was a fairish hunt from Arden Hill to Littleworth and on to Grove Park. But the wet weather did not seem to damp their enthusiasm, even if it spoilt their nice velvet collars, and the pair managed to hold their own over an awkward and trappy bit of country, and certainly met no Waterloo!

From the Grafton.

Friday from Whitfield proved another real “soaker,” and there was consequently a much smaller crowd than usual. Owing to the steady downpour, scent eventually became non-existent. However, we were fortunately on the move all day, which made things more bearable. We had a badly swollen ford to negotiate, which happily did not lead to mixed bathing. Brenda could not have chosen a worse day to appear from Warwickshire. We were all delighted to see her again, as well as two visitors from an adjacent pack. Saturday's meet at Chackmore gave the field a jolly good day's sport. From Akeley Wood hounds scored a fine hunt of two-and-a-half hours, with a five-mile point and thirteen as they ran; but, alas! again no mask! The blizzard that arrived over the week-end set us all cursing, making Monday's fixture at Lichborough out of the question. Nothing new in the weather line could possibly surprise us!



Howard Barrett

SANDWICH-TIME WITH THE COTTESMORE: MR. BILL ROLLO AND HIS DAUGHTER, PRIMULA

The state of their raiment tells you what the going is, and has been like, even in a grass country. Mr. Rollo, who is a well-known London solicitor was, during the war, a subaltern in the Greys. His wife, Lady Kathleen Rollo, is Lord Downshire's sister, and he is a son of the late Hon. Eric Rollo, who was a younger son of the late Lord Rollo



Douglas

LADY WRIGHT, M.F.H.

All her friends hope that Lady Wright's rest-cure in Madeira whither she went recently, will do the final mending of the bad damage done by that smashing fall. Lady Wright is the Joint-Master of the Tedworth and the wife of the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Wright

From Lincolnshire.

One of the worst blizzards of the present winter, followed by intense frost, compelled the county packs to take an enforced rest on Monday (March 1). In some measure this was welcomed, for every stable has its quantum of cripples as a result of the terrible plight to which the going has been reduced by continuous rain. The Blankney, however, had a great day from their Brant Broughton fixture on the Saturday, when hounds were running hard for two hours ten minutes on a wry-necked fox, before he staved-off defeat by getting among other “vulps” at Wellingore Gorse. All this was in the Vale—a beautiful sea of grass, always delightful to ride over under normal conditions, but now so fearfully waterlogged that many found it impossible to follow the line. Everywhere there were “bellows” to mend.”

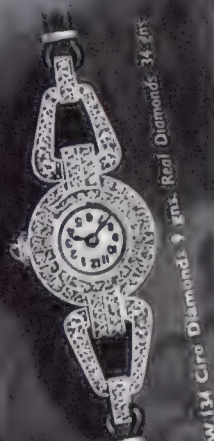
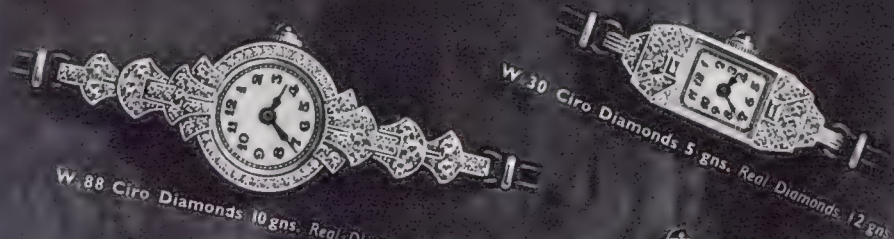
From the Heythrop.

At a recent fixture of the North Shropshire at Prees Heath. Brigadier-General Hugh Cholmondeley was Master of these hounds, 1920-25, and his wife is a cousin of Lord Macclesfield. The little daughter's name is Essex

We say farewell with no regrets to the wettest February on record, and the past week, like several of its predecessors, has given us no red-letter days, and consequently there is very little to talk about except mud and influenza. On Monday, February 22, we met at Chapel House, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart. We regret to hear that the former is in a London nursing-home, as a result of a bad fall on the New Barn day, and that he is unable to use his shoulder; we should like to assure him that, thanks to his hospitality, we are all able to lift our elbows. The first hunt was brought to an end by a heavy fall of snow, and, while everyone was white with snow, some were whiter than others; but we imagine this was due to the fact that some were hotter than others. On Friday there was a lawn meet at Château Shennan, a real Swell affair. This, of course, was not the first time that these celebrated gardens have been thrown open to the public: we were, perhaps, a little disappointed with the shrubs, but good wine needs no bush.

(Continued on page xxvi)

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"A TREASURY OF PEARLS & JEWELS"

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER—

CONGRATULATIONS to Ireland on their decisive victory over Scotland, not only for their own sakes, but also because they have made it certain that, whatever may be the result of the Calcutta Cup game, England must at least share the Championship. Doubtless Irish enthusiasts are now regretting more than ever H. S. Sever's wonderful try which beat them at Twickenham, and it certainly does seem as if they then lost their chance of the triple crown, if, that is to say, a republican country takes any interest in crowns of any sort!



THE OXFORD XV. AGAINST
EDINBURGH

Oxford, playing with J. Brett as captain for the first time, defeated Edinburgh by 23 points to 3

The Oxford names are (back row): R. I. Scorer (referee), R. T. Campbell, R. Atkinson, C. Laubscher, P. Mayhew, D. Coles, W. Bell, J. Portus. (Front row) B. J. Stebbings, R. M. Marshall, H. D. Freakes, J. Brett (capt.), A. Obolensky, M. M. Walford, C. T. Bloxham and W. N. Renwick

Englishmen, at any rate, will feel under some sort of obligation to the Irishmen who took their chances, scored three times, and deserved their victory.

Perhaps the best thing Ireland did in the match was to keep their line intact in spite of the terrific weather they had to face in the first half, and when they actually crossed over with a three-point lead, it was obvious that Scotland would have a tremendous task in the second half. Considering the conditions, the Irish skipper played a wonderful game at scrummage half, and proved conclusively what has been fairly clear for some time, that he is the most useful man in that position in the four countries. His partner, G. E. Cromey, got on much better than he did at Twickenham, and F. G. Moran also deserves mention for another fine exhibition. He is probably the discovery of the season, and should be of great use to Ireland for many years to come. As to the forwards, they played heroically enough through a strenuous first half, and it is no great cause for wonder that one or two of the old brigade failed to last to the bitter end.

Scotland may well have thought that fortune was against them even before the start. The absence of R. C. S. Dick was bound to be felt, for there is no doubt that he is one of the most dashing and penetrating centres of the day. There is no one quite like him when it comes to cutting through, and it takes a Gerrard to stop him when he is really out for blood. It would have been very difficult to replace him in any event, and to add to Scotland's misfortunes, R. W. Shaw

got laid out in the first few minutes, and, after a plucky attempt to carry on, was eventually led off the field in the second half. Ian Shaw, who had taken Dick's place, certainly scored Scotland's only points when he dropped his goal, but otherwise he was not an outstanding success. The other substitute, R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, played quite a satisfactory game, and in more favourable circumstances might have made a deeper mark on the match.

The Scottish forwards scarcely maintained the reputation which they had made for themselves, perhaps somewhat cheaply, against Wales, and one expected more from them than they were able to produce. They ought to have turned the weather conditions to better account, and it will be no great surprise if there are one or two changes when the team to meet England is announced. We know that the Scottish pack is a different proposition in the Calcutta Cup game, but there seems on this form no real reason for England to despair of the match, at least, so far as their forwards are concerned.

Next Saturday Ireland meet Wales at Belfast, and, considering the two displays Wales have already given, Ireland must be regarded as the probable winners. In that event, Wales will be the undisputed holders



THE EDINBURGH XV. v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY

The match was played at Oxford on the Iffley Road ground. Obolensky is a notable return to the field for Oxford; he has been on the injured list, unfortunately, all the season

The Edinburgh names are (back row): T. M. Adnams (reserve), E. S. Erskine, A. I. Forbes, E. W. Russell, K. Brauer, J. M. Gold, W. A. Craw, W. O. James, G. M. F. Bissett. (Front row): D. Inglis, D. L. Carmichael, W. M. Glenn, G. W. Mitchell, J. C. J. Ives, P. Walton and N. K. Farley

of the wooden spoon, and, though one cannot help feeling that this would be an unquestioned fact, the blame attaches more to the selectors than the players. At the moment of writing, the Welsh side is an unknown quantity, but the selectors cannot well do worse than they have already, and the Irishmen may experience more trouble than they may possibly expect. Another Welsh defeat would surely mean that there would be many vacancies on the Welsh selection committee. Ireland have naturally chosen the same back division, but there are three changes in the pack, which go to show, I think, that Ireland are looking ahead. Certain long and brilliant careers are drawing to a close, and S. J. Deering and J. Russell can look back with satisfaction on all they have done for Ireland. Of the new caps C. J. Reidy, of London Irish, has for some time been on the fringe of the side, and his selection will be very popular in London.

(Continued on page 11)

BROWN TROUT. Carefully clean, scale and wash the fish, season them lightly with pepper and salt, and roll them in dry oatmeal. Melt a little butter in a frying pan and, when it is quite hot, lay in the fish. Fry them from six to eight minutes according to the size of the trout, browning both sides equally.



SEA *faring* AS THE MODERNS KNOW IT



Cuisine on the "Bremen" and the "Europa" is as resourceful as it is consummate in quality. For this reason it shares the reputation for exquisite food enjoyed only by a few of the world's most famous restaurants. When one considers that this distinction is combined with a faultless organization of modern comfort and luxury and the most reliable time-table on the Atlantic crossing, it is easy to understand why these urbane giants hold first favour with experienced travellers.

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NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD
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TO NEW YORK, THE CONTINENT & FAR EAST
 11a, REGENT STREET, S.W.1. (WHITEHALL 6344) AND TRAVEL AGENCIES



Clapperton

A BALL ON THE BORDER: JUDGES OF THE COSTUMES

A group of those who had the difficult task of judging the fancy-dress costumes at the Ball at the Tait Hall, Kelso, which was in aid of the funds of the Roxburghshire Nursing Association

The names are (at back): Major Balfour, Major C. Marshall, Colonel Oliver, Mr. J. C. Scott. (In front) Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Taylor, the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, Lady Minto and Mrs. W. Smith

Rallying and Racing.

AT about this time the season of motor sport begins. There is the R.A.C. Rally now on, and after that we have a calendar of races which outshines any previous one. There will be two road courses within easy reach from London: at Brooklands and at the Crystal Palace, and there is always Donington for those who live round about Derby or who are ready to do the 220-odd miles from London and back. It is sad that the Ulster Tourist Trophy race will have to be moved from the Ards Circuit as a result of the decision of Down County Council, but the Council cannot be blamed.

Last year's mishap was pure accident, and it could not be said that all reasonable precautions had not been taken to protect the spectators. But the enthusiasm of the Ulster crowd for the T.T. race knows no bounds, and nothing will prevent them from crowding the sides of the course when the race is on and clustering at the corners just where there is most chance of trouble. Watching motor-car racing in that way is dangerous and spectators run a considerable risk of being hurt. But the magnitude of last year's accident was unforeseeable and a terrible blow to the organisers and to everyone concerned with one of the most important road events.

By the time these notes appear the Royal Automobile Club's decision as to where they will hold the 1937 event will probably have been announced, and no doubt the race itself will be as interesting as ever.

But we shall all miss the Ards circuit, with its wonderful surface and extraordinarily interesting series of bends and corners—the famous butcher's shop, the square at Newtownards, Quarry Corner, and the straight past the grand-stand.



Clapperton

LADY MINTO PRESENTS THE FIRST PRIZE

Lady Minto presented the prizes at the Roxburghshire Nursing Fund Ball, and the first prize went to Miss Audrey Taylor, who is the only daughter of Colonel Taylor, of Hendersyde Park, Kelso

the body-line to the best advantage.

On the Road.

The performance of the Talbot "75" is satisfying from no matter what angle it is regarded. The acceleration is smart, the top speed enough for all

(Contd. on p. 464)

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

The Talbot "75."

Not long ago I gave an account of the Talbot "105" with the self-changing gear-box, and now I have had an opportunity of trying the Talbot "75" with ordinary synchromesh gear-box. The Sports Saloon, which was the model I had, costs £435 and the annual tax is £13 10s. The engine is of 2276 c.c., with push-rod operated overhead valves. Ignition is by coil, automatically adjusted as to advance and retard. Steering is by worm and nut and the brakes are of the self-servo pattern. The rear petrol-tank holds 19 gallons. The road springs are semi-elliptic at the front and semi-cantilever at the rear, and there are hydraulic, double-acting shock-absorbers. The instrument-board deserves a special word of praise, for it is exceptionally neat and well finished, and I like having the metric figures alongside the others. All car instruments ought to have this dual marking, until such time as this country has the sense to go over to the metric system in its entirety.

The driving position is well found and the outlook unobstructed. The controls fall conveniently to hand and foot, the clutch being light in action. Headlight

dip and switch is by finger control on the wheel, and I must once again commend the spring-loaded traffic-indicator, which flicks back to neutral directly the hand is taken from it. This eliminates all risk of the obstinately and meaninglessly extended semaphore which is seen too often nowadays. The Sports Saloon body is admirable both externally and internally. While giving plenty of room to the occupants, it has an elegant line, and is one of the prettiest pieces of coachwork within my experience. I believe the colour of the car I had is officially known as Talbot Ruby, and I should have difficulty in trying to describe it exactly; but it is a quiet and pleasing shade which sets off



Truman Howell

WELSH SOLDIER-CAPTAINS: LT. R. T. V. COWEY AND 2nd-LT. A. A. DUNCAN

Mr. Cowey captained the Welch Regiment and Mr. Duncan the Welch Guards in the recent semi-final of the Army Rugby Championship at Cardiff, when the Welsh Guards were beaten by 23-6, a very decided and thorough drubbing bordering almost on the unneighbourly—in the circumstances

The last guest
departs
and
you suddenly realise
how tired
you are . . .



back
in the drawing-room
that
final cigarette together
seems
to complete
that feeling
of
lazy contentment . . .



—a perfect end
to
a grand party
—and so to bed.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 462

practical purposes and the road holding really excellent. The brakes with their sixteen-inch drums are "workers," and when I tried them on wet and slippery surfaces—which I had in plenty during my trial—they held the car firmly. The steering is delightfully high-g geared compared with a great many cars one meets nowadays, and the car can be made to give its best in fast touring largely because of the genuine, all-round competence of the controls. Altogether, this is a machine which I unhesitatingly place beside the "105" as a fine example of automobile engineering, a car both capable and comfortable in high degree.

"Activators."

Reduction of fluid friction in engine and gear box is one of the advantages claimed for a new product called Redex. I have obtained some of this and shall try it with a view to reporting on its behaviour; but meanwhile I must mention some of the rather startling results which are vouched for by service stations and operators. Redex is called an "activator" and it is stated that the Humber company have run a bench test with it and found power increase and petrol consumption decrease. It is also said that running in is enormously facilitated.

I have examined reports from a great number of service stations and garages all testifying to improvements obtained with this substance, and, although I am sceptical of all claims of the kind, I must confess that I am impressed. At any rate, I shall give the stuff a fair trial, and fairer than this no one can say.



AMONG THE 'OSSES. A FORD V8

The Ford V8 is famous for its acceleration and sustained speed. This photograph shows plainly its modern external features, including recessed headlamps

Grand Prix.

E.R.A. cars did well in the Rand Grand Prix and were generally given due credit for their achievement in obtaining first and second places. But I have seen hardly a mention of the important contributory fact that they were both fitted with Armstrong Siddeley self-changing gear boxes. Sir Malcolm Campbell was one of the first if not the first driver to use the self-changing box for racing and since then it has proved itself repeatedly in high-speed events. In addition to the E.R.A.s the racing M.G.s used this box and the car with which Nuvolari won the T.T. on the last occasion on which he took part in it was so fitted. Before the race people were shaking their heads and

saying that the famous Italian would use the box wrongly owing to his having been so accustomed to ordinary boxes. His practice times made them shake their heads still more. "The box won't stand those speeds. He's using it too much for braking" was the talk. And, in the race, as he steadily improved his lap times with faster and faster circuits, there was still doubt until the last lap—and then there wasn't room for any! The self-changing gear box had triumphantly proved its worth. And it has been repeating the proof at short intervals ever since.

That welcome publication, "Holiday Haunts" Guide is here again, and in a special Coronation edition at that, price 6d., from the G.W.R. Press Bureau.

The beckoning finger of summer holidays always becomes more insistent with the advent of the Great Western Railway's popular "Holiday Haunts" Guide, which is now on sale.

POPE & BRADLEYD. ANTHONY BRADLEY
MANAGING DIRECTOR
PATRICK BRADLEY

LIMITED

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14 Old Bond Street, London, W1

Telephone
Regent 5866 (3 Lines)

Dear Sir,

So that our regular customers may place their orders before the accelerated flow of business during the Coronation, we have taken delivery of our new exclusive materials somewhat earlier this Season.

In a highly specialised craft such as ours, it is detrimental to hurry the sewing of a coat. This intricate process is carried out entirely by hand, by craftsmen who are becoming more and more difficult to obtain. Since we will not employ any but the most highly skilled men, our production will be slowed down, even with an augmented staff.

We would mention, also, that the continual rise in the price of materials will in all probability compel us before long to advance our prices.

An early visit has, therefore, everything in its favour. Our new materials are subtly compelling in their design and colourings; and we recommend in particular the wide-set stripes, described in a booklet that we shall be sending to our customers.

With compliments, we remain,

Yours faithfully,

POPE & BRADLEY LTD.



Windmill at Chailey, Sussex

This England



WHY does the heart lift a little at the sight of an old mill ; whence springs the rather wistful pleasure we take in the picture that it makes ? Not for its beauty, certes, nor yet its romance, for it has none. Deeper it goes, to the roots of us ; to that love of our past that makes us regret the necessity for change, that leads us to an almost passionate preservation of all that is good in our inheritance. Yet in the next village may the heart lift again. For here will be Worthington—an English beer out of the past that necessity brought into being and will never need to change.

A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 460

Like a good many more people, I welcomed the proposal, which came from the clubs themselves, that an attempt should be made to curtail the activities of the wing forward. One is not particularly keen on the making of new rules, but it has been obvious for some time that something would have to be done to prevent the game being ruined. The experimental rule tried out between Leicester and Northampton was to the effect that no player was allowed to advance beyond his own front-row forwards in a set scrummage until the ball had emerged. This naturally prevented back-row forwards from indulging in their spoiling tactics, and gave the scrummage half plenty of time to get the ball away. Incidentally, the unusual sight in present-day football was seen of sixteen forwards making at any rate a pretence of genuine work. At least they had their heads down. Unfortunately the terrible weather was all against the good back play which was expected as the result of the experiment, but for all that it was agreed that the trial was an undoubted success. It is obvious that further investigation is desirable, and it looks as if the clubs in question have made a valuable contribution to the amenities of Rugby.

Perhaps we are a little late, but we cannot deprive ourselves of the pleasure of felicitating Blackheath on their meritorious victory over Cardiff, especially since the Welsh club gained a decisive win over the home side at the Rectory Field in October. It was a strenuous battle on a dreadful day, and Cardiff certainly had as much, if not more, of the play than the Club, but the conditions were all against scoring. Much of the credit must go to the Blackheath forwards, who stood up to their man with unflinching per-

sistence. This was all the more pleasing as on two or three occasions this season the Club pack have failed to maintain their form for the whole of a game, and have therefore lost matches which should have been won.



FRESH FROM THE STATES:
THE DELONG SISTERS

The Delong Sisters are new-comers from America and they are appearing in *Let's Make You Laugh* at the Victoria Palace, which, under Karl Robitschek's direction, is a flourishing centre of Variety

* * *

Racing Ragout—cont. from p. 426

that this only short-headed next year's birthday honours list. I have relinquished all claim to my Irish land, which was at the Curragh," he continued, "to make more room for Dan Leahy's clerk. The only other titled member of our family is George Graves, first Baron Popoff."

Asked if it would make any difference to his mode of life, his Lordship replied "Most emphatically not." I shall probably change the family crest from two birds in a field of gules with the motto 'There are no flies on an eagle,' to the crest of my firm, which is: Two points sable well under some odds cramped in a field of twenty with the motto 'Incivility and deferred payments.'"

The title is one of great antiquity, having been bestowed by Ethelred the No. Ready after a particularly black Eisteddfod in lieu of settlement. It carries no seat in the House of Lords, but standing room (without clogs or stands) in Tattersall's enclosure.

The best of luck to his Lordship. May he live long and lay a minimum of winners.

* * *

The Invalid Children's Aid Association is to benefit by a pay-party at Lord and Lady Hollenden's house, 7, Connaught Place, W.2, on Thursday, March 18. Entertainment will be provided by the Hon. Mrs. Lawson, Miss Joan Stonehewer, Lord Morven Cavendish Bentinck, and Mr. Arthur Tennant. Tickets are only 7s. 6d., and can be obtained from Miss Macharg, 117, Piccadilly (Telephone: Grosvenor 3347).



Every genuine
'Vi-Spring'
bears this label

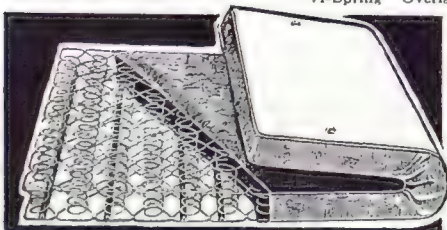
YOUR GUARANTEE

of a Good Night's Rest

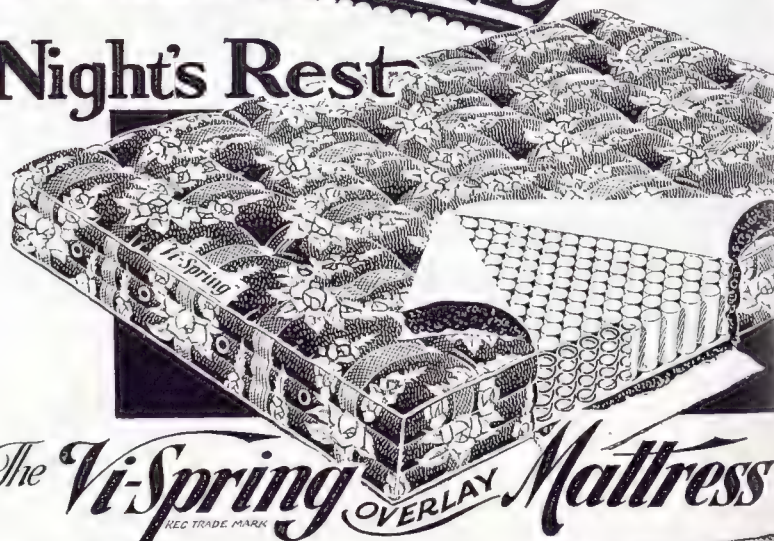
If you are buying bedding, leave nothing to chance, buy a 'Vi-Spring.' Luxurious comfort alone should influence you in this, but there is also the healthful sleep point of view. Correct bodily support, so essential to sound restful sleep, is assured when you sleep on a 'Vi-Spring.' It is one of the many finer features which hand craftsmanship, fine quality materials and over 35 years' experience in the building of better bedding have introduced into this famous overlay mattress.

But when buying, remember that a mattress is not a 'Vi-Spring' just because it contains springs in separate pockets. Since the 'Vi-Spring,' the original pocketed spring mattress, first gained its great reputation as the most luxurious overlay made, it has been followed by innumerable imitations. Look, therefore, for the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring.' It is your guarantee of luxury, reliability and lasting service.

The Vitoflex MATTRESS SUPPORT



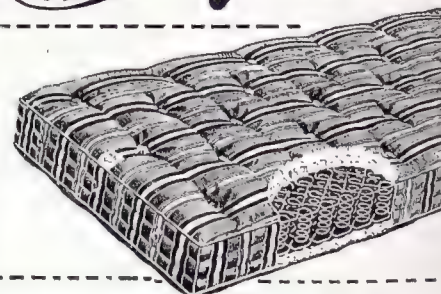
An efficient support is essential as a base for any spring-centred overlay mattress. On the Vitoflex Mattress Support every spring in the 'Vi-Spring' Overlay is fully sustained and the utmost comfort and durability thus ensured. The ingenious construction of the Vitoflex prevents any possibility of sagging. It can be truly claimed that the Vi-Spring - Vitoflex Combination is the World's greatest contribution to perfect sleep.



The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress

The Vito MATTRESS

The unique shape and clever assemblage of the springs in this non-pocketed spring overlay give it a sturdiness which will ensure years of service. Its fine quality springs and generous layers of soft upholstery make the 'Vito' extremely comfortable. Judged by its great durability and moderate price, the 'Vito' is the cheapest overlay mattress made. Maximum comfort and durability are ensured by its use with a Vitoflex Mattress Support.



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*“Equal to
a fine
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“I can tell
White Horse
blindfold!

And to think that at one
time I used simply to ask for whisky-and-soda! White Horse
is just like a fine liqueur!”

Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

ADMITTEDLY there is nothing more important than cut and line where tailored suits are concerned. Again this season are Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street, specialising in suits and wrap coats for 10½ guineas. There are ten models and an infinite variety of materials in which they are available. Important features are the slightly raised waist lines, shorter skirts and broader shoulders; an illustrated brochure would gladly be sent on application. It is a slight modification on the classic theme that is seen on the left of the picture. It is expressed in men's suiting; the coat has the Savile Row line, and the skirt inverted pleats. The three-piece affair on the right is known by the name of "The Berkeley." As will be noticed, the coat and skirt are checked and cost 10½ guineas; this is likewise the price of the plain travel coat. Of course, no one must leave these salons without seeing the very last words in the story of hats; the colours are brilliant while the shapes are original, daring and flattering to the face



Picture by Blake



Day-dream

"It's not because you're so lovely, but because everything about you is so like you... cool and fresh and sweet... why don't all women just look like themselves instead of pretending." It's fun not to look made-up when you are. It's nice to have a skin that is lovely underneath the make-up and it's sensible to stop day-dreaming here and now, and get Cyclax to do something about you.

TO FILL OUT LINES AND HOLLOWS; *CYCLAX SKIN FOOD* keeps the skin young... definitely eradicates wrinkles. There's 'Baby' skin food for the very young, 'Thick' for the very lined, Special 'O' for the average skin. Price, 4/-, 7/6

TO CLEAR THE FACE OF SALLOWNESS OR BLEMISHES; *CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION*... the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes. Price, 5/6, 10/6

A POWDER FOUNDATION TO PREVENT DRY SKIN; *CYCLAX MILK OF ROSES*, a fine emollient lotion... provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin. Price, 4/6, 8/6

TWO POWDER FOUNDATIONS THAT LAST MANY HOURS; *CYCLAX DAY LOTION*, for dry and normal skins, *CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION* for greasy skins, supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder. Price, 4/6, 8/6

ALL THE BEST SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE SELL CYCLAX AND WILL ADVISE ON THE TREATMENT.
58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 0054
7, EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

cyclax

★ Gala ★ Night ★

THE shoes that are to be seen in Lilley and Skinner's salons at 358, Oxford Street, flatter the feet in a highly successful manner. Nevertheless, they are perfectly balanced so that they give poise to the wearer, while comfort is assured. Never has there been a time when the colour schemes have been more subtle and beautiful. Sandals are on the crest of the wave for evening wear



A DECIDEDLY original note in the sandal above is the white mesh vamp. As will be seen, it has a strap at the back and is toeless; it looks equally well in gold or silver kid and supports the foot without any pressure



A MASTERPIECE of design is the sandal above with a strip vamp; it is of gold kid, the design being picked out in red. Below is an affair of crossed leather straps, subtly shaded, ideal for formal occasions



THE Spanish heel is an important feature of the sandal above. It is of black velvet decorated with crimson flowers, which lie quite flat, and piped with gold kid. A smart buckle forms the fastening



BY no means the least attractive of the sandals seen on this page is the model below; it is of black satin relieved with gold kid and enriched with diamanté. An illustrated brochure would be sent on application



AS there is a decided vogue for high-fronted sandals this firm have contributed the model above, a study in black satin and gold kid. It has a smart strip front, open back and high Spanish heel



For CORONATION YEAR



23845. Sterling Silver
13½ in. high £17 0 0

23842. Sterling Silver
British Lions are holding Shields
engraved with Union Jacks and
the Royal Cypher has been
applied. 14½ in. high
£29 0 0

23840. Sterling Silver
15 in. high £26 5 0

There will be special significance about every event for which a trophy is awarded in this Coronation Year. Committees are asking for Special Trophies. That is why we have designed the series shown. They will worthily commemorate achievements of Coronation Year. May we send a Catalogue?



23829

Sterling Silver
23829. 7½ in. high
£9 10 0

23843. 8 in. diam.
£14 5 0

23816. 9 in. diam.
£17 10 0



23843

23816

Beauty and grace of line are achieved in these trophies in conjunction with a restrained National motif. Any one of these Cups and Bowls will convey the special significance of a Coronation Year event

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

3 LONDON SHOWROOMS: 156-162 OXFORD ST., W. 1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. 4 172 REGENT ST., W. 1
& THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS: NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD

Step by step to Beauty

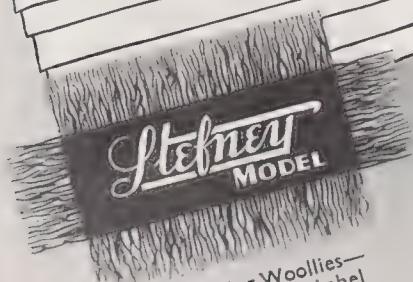
Playing fair with the face

DELICATE, flower-like and exquisite are the attributes that all women desire for

their complexions. They may be acquired, provided women will use the Coty preparations that have been created by those who have made a life-long study of the hygiene and

needs of the skin. Although these luxuries and necessities are sold practically everywhere, this firm have artistic salons of their own at 2, New Bond Street. The illustrations on this page show the four steps to beauty advocated by Coty. At night, for cleansing and nourishing the skin, there is Liquefying Cream, Tissue Skin Food and Avocado Beauty Cream, which must be applied with a pad of cotton wool; it penetrates to the underskin tissues, to which it conveys its cleansing and stimulating properties. It can advantageously be used during the day; it is made from the oil of the pear whose name it bears. There is likewise an Avocado Beauty Soap, which is of exalted merit. In the morning, after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed with Liquefying Cream, the Mild Almond Astringent must be used, and subsequently No. 2 Day Cream as a foundation for powder. The face powder must be chosen with the utmost discretion, and so must the rouge and lipstick. And in order that the scheme of things may be complete a perfume should be used, and women will be well advised to choose Coty's latest creation, "Le Vertige." The component parts are skilfully blended and placed in an exquisite bouquet; it has a modern, crisp and pleasant tang, and a very lasting and distinctive fragrance





When choosing Woollies—
look for this Woven Label

Woollies FROM THE

Stefney

Style Album •

Ask for a Brochure of Stefney Models (post free) from
I. & L. STEPHANY LTD. 2, BERNERS STREET, W.1

THE TATLER

Reducing Externally.

Keeping fit is, for many people, mainly a matter of keeping slim, but it is usually unwise to adopt a drastic diet. Besides, it is very seldom that the whole figure needs reducing, for though ungainly in some places the proportions may be exactly right in others. Thus a "localised" method is desirable, and there is an excellent reducing lotion, Redex, which is applied externally and guaranteed absolutely harmless. It should be rubbed gently into the skin, until it is well absorbed, wherever there are unbecoming contours, as, for example, round the waist or on the upper arms. Any superfluous lotion must be wiped away with a damp towel. The results are really astonishing. Naturally, the speed of the treatment varies with individual cases, but, in general, a distinct improvement can be seen within seven or ten days. Redex costs 21s. a bottle, and may be obtained from chemists and stores of prestige. Should there be any difficulty, however, application must be made to Redex Proprietaries, 85-86, New Bond Street.

Treatment for Broken Nails.

Hands cannot look well-kept if the nails are broken, so a preparation which hardens and conditions them is very welcome. Lio should be spread over the nails each night, massaged around the cuticle and under the nail itself. It does not affect coloured varnish in any way, and after about three weeks it will be found that the nails no longer break or chip. Travellers should remember this lotion. It costs half a crown a bottle, and can be obtained practically everywhere. If there is any difficulty write to Radnor House, 93, Regent Street.

An Interesting Collection.

Graceful lines distinguish the attractive models in the Spring Collection at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. There are two distinct silhouettes for evening, seen in a sheath-like dress of ice-blue satin, embroidered with sequins, and a full-skirted picture frock in pink frilled net. Floating chiffon scarves soften the outline of slim-fitting models, sometimes repeating two colours of the bead embroidery. Gold lamé, a magnificent material for Coronation Year, is used for one dignified dress with an Empire waistline; an accordion-pleated panel forms a short "fan-tail" train. Court dresses are shown in white net and, for the older woman, cyclamen romaine, while there was considerable interest in the traditional Coronation robe and gown. Among the furs is a lovely cape of white foxes, dipping at the back, and another of silver fox skins mounted on lamé. White foxes appear again on the sleeves of a black velvet evening coat; another deep-skirted model in lavender blue cloth is decorated with swirls of silver. Plain coats are worn over printed frocks during the day, many of them open in front to show the brightly coloured pattern. Boleros are fashionable both for day and evening; one black, red-belted jersey dress for town wear has a bolero appliquéd with motifs of white felt.



Pure wool alone is used for the fine Otterburn Tweeds, which have a distinctive character of their own. There are over a hundred patterns from which to choose. An attractive check has been selected for the country coat above, designed and carried out by J. K. King, 19, George Street, Hanover Square

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Correct Control is Flattering.

Wherever women congregate "Le Gant" corsetry is discussed, as they know, that these foundation garments give the much-needed unbroken line which signifies that the cut is perfection. The new Empire feeling means that the bust is full and rounded, the waist slim and high, the diaphragm flat as a pancake and the thigh line smooth and fluid. It is really a glorification of the ideal Greek figure. These corsets may be worn unnoticed (except that the figure is exceptionally graceful) under tight-fitting gowns. Included in the range is something for every occasion and every type of woman, from the most modern built-up Empire line to comfortable and slimming garments for the "forgotten woman." A veritable triumph of the corsetière's art is "Le Gant" Corsetlette for average figures; it has a seamless hip, and is made of finest quality two-way stretch figured satin, incorporating "Lastex" yarn. It is entirely boneless, with semi hook side fastening, and in bust sizes from 33 to 38 it is 10½ guineas. There are models from a guinea. As the subject of keeping fit is of paramount importance, it should be mentioned that corsets must never be altogether abandoned, as all figures need protection and support when exercising and playing games. Therefore, into the "Le Gant" repertoire certain models have been introduced which never handicap the movements of the wearer. There is the "Youthlastic" belt which costs from 21s. to 3½ guineas, and brassières are 27s. 6d. and 29s. 6d. They are sold practically everywhere, but if any difficulty application should be made to "Le Gant," 40, Conduit Street, W.1.

A Perfume to Remember.

The mysterious sweetness of "rich distill'd perfumes" has always stirred the imagination of poets, for whom it is the final complement of beauty and luxury. When Cleopatra floated down the Nile in her golden barge "a strange invisible perfume" drifted to the passers-by, and the air became "... so perfumed that the winds were love-sick." More prosaically, another writer states: "There is nothing like an odour to stir memories," and since this Coronation Year promises to be truly memorable it is fitting that a fine perfume should be associated with it. There is a new creation among "Les Parfums Irfé," called "Croisière" (Cruising), which is designed for the brilliant gaiety of summer nights. Though light enough for a young girl, this scent has a subtle bouquet that will please the more sophisticated woman. It should be applied with an atomiser behind the ears and at the nape of the neck; the fragrance will last throughout the evening. Naturally, there are many other Irfé perfumes, skilfully attuned to individual personalities. "Brunette" is a rich, exotic scent, an excellent choice for formal occasions. These perfumes may be obtained from chemists and stores of prestige at prices from 7s. 6d.; if there is any difficulty application should be made to 46, Dover Street.

**I. MILLER
PRESENTS**



New shapes — new shades — new materials — shoes to beautify your feet for this important Spring Season. Lilley & Skinner invite you to view an arresting collection of the smartest models this distinguished New York designer has yet produced.

“Contessa”—the lovely Court shoe is in Black or Brown Kid, relieved with stitched Patent. The price is 65/-. Match with I. Miller bags, blend with I. Miller hose.

at
Lilley & Skinner

356-60, Oxford St., W.1. Car Entrance, Stratford Place

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 449

A word from a master of hounds, in New Zealand to be precise, tells me that they had a grand season's hunting in our last summer, and that prospects for the one coming in, I suppose, a month's time, are good. My correspondent, Mr. Leslie Orbell, hunts his own pack of harriers at Pentlow. Tycho, Timaru, does a lot of show jumping, usually has a good 'chaser or two and farms sheep. He and a brother harrier, master from New Zealand, Mr. Westeura, a kinsman of the Hon. Lady Bailey, came to that memorable pig-sticking dinner we had in London a few years ago, and of which various circumstances have intervened to prevent a repetition. The only fly in the New Zealand farmer's ointment is the difficulty where labour is concerned, owing to the fact that the present Powers That Be have fixed the rate at 18s. per day for a 40-hour week for the farm labourer and others, and so the cost of living is soaring sky high, and my friend tells me that taxation is doubled and trebled in some cases. He then writes: "Apart from the difficulties where labour is concerned, things are going well out here. Prices for wool, mutton and lamb are good, and the country would prosper with reasonable government. We had a splendid season hunting, and are now approaching our midsummer. Our hounds showed good speed and fields were good. England will soon

be in the thick of it, and I wish I were there to have a go with you all over the grass.



THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD: A NEW PORTRAIT

The Countess of Seafield, of Oulken House, Banffshire, and Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey, is the only daughter of the late Earl of Seafield and the wife of Mr. Derek Smalley-Herbert. Lady Seafield holds the Scottish titles of her family, while her uncle succeeded to the Barony of Strathspey in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

"My family did well at the spring shows. We showed four hunters, one 15 stone, one 13 stone, and two 11 stone. They went to five shows and got 35 firsts, 23 seconds, 12 thirds; four champions and five reserve champions. Three of the horses got champions and the young horse a reserve. We finished up at the Royal Show, and each of the four got a red ticket and we managed to win the Champion Hunter with Gambler. I enclose a few snapshots which may interest you. Two of the horses are full brothers bred by myself, and they won the dual jumping at the Royal, which is rather unique, I think. You will notice that Gambler has been docked. He was done before I bought him and I would never have a horse docked again, and I am glad to say the practice is dying out in this country."

As a good many people know, the fences they jump are mainly wire, and the ones displayed in the snapshots are of that kind. Their point-to-points, so I am told, are all over wire. It almost makes one's blood run cold to hear of it, but these horses make no fuss about it, and Leslie Orbell told me that a fall over that sort of thing is no worse than one over our obstacles. I am bound to take his word for it; but in this country it is considered the worst kind, bar one, that we know. The one that is worst is the kind people get on the tarmac.

Which road surface do you prefer—concrete? tar macadam? asphalt? They all have their points. But remember the one point of contact is your tyres. Wet or fine you can grip any surface safely if you fit India—the tyres that have the road in their grip.

INDIA SUPER

the tyres that have the road in their GRIP

Eastern Avenue
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Armstrong Siddeley
ATALANTA

High cruising speed, exceptionally rapid acceleration, smooth and silent running, delightfully responsive controls these are the features of this 17 h.p. car, which has created a new vogue with its perfect road manners and its distinctive modern style of coachwork. Its luxurious four-door coachwork provides excellent visibility, ample headroom and full luggage accommodation.

Price £525 (ex Works)

The Atalanta is also available on the 20/25 h.p. chassis at £625.

Write for our interesting Catalogue "TL." and let us arrange a trial through your local agent.

THE RE-OPENING

OF CIRO'S CLUB



MRS. KEN HOLLOWAY, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET AND LORD AND LADY GRANMORE AND BROWNE

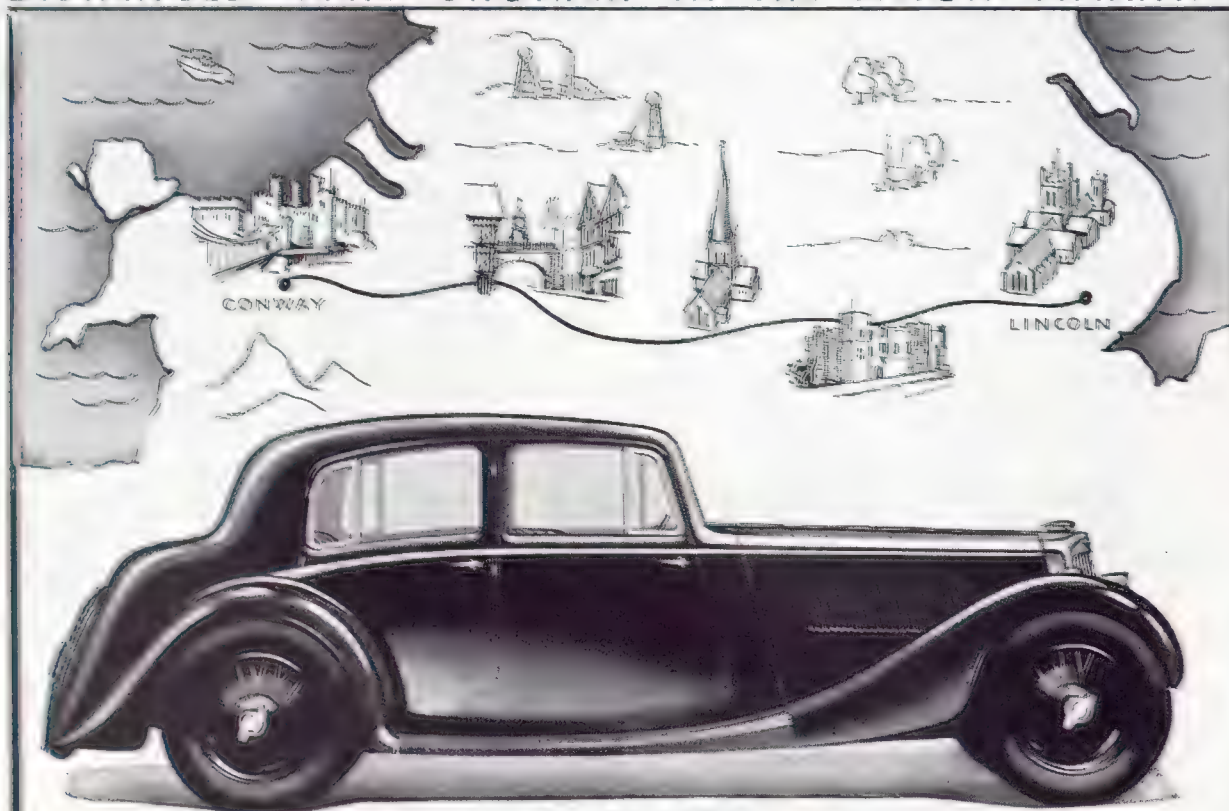
(Inset above) LADY KEMBALL-COOK



THE HON. RICHARD NORTON AND LILLI PALMER

Ciro's Club, which saw so many gay evenings and so many of our "brightest and best" in its former existence, re-opened last week. Some of those who were present at the re-inauguration are seen above. Lord Willoughby de Broke is a former Master of the Warwickshire, which is something of a "family pack." He is also, as the world knows, a keen aviator and racing regular. The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket is the former Miss Aileen Guinness, and is Lord Iveagh's niece. Lilli Palmer, who was in *Good Morning Boys*, the Will Hay film, and in *The Great Barrier*, is seen with Lord Grantley's son and heir.

DISTANCES SEEM SHORTER IN THE ASTON MARTIN !



NEW "15/98" hp

ASTON-MARTIN
fast luxury

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Pedigree -
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Luxury*

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YOU HAVE STILL SOMETHING TO LEARN
unless you have tried this new . . .

FORD V-8 "30"

YOU may take its wonderful engine "for granted," because of the designers' unique experience of V-8's. You expect much: You are not disappointed.

But its clutch, gear-box, steering, suspension, particularly those really remarkable brakes, have to be personally tried before you can understand such an improvement upon those of other cars.

And the bodywork, upholstery, equipment, the really restful comfort, rear-compartment passengers just as happy as the driver—these are revelations.

This Ford V-8 "30" gives you multi-cylinder luxury-car motoring at a cost which you can contemplate undisturbed.

Finally, the Ford V-8 "30" is a car of whose appearance you can be proud anywhere, no matter what may be standing on either side of it.

Unprecedented silence, smoothness—amazing acceleration—zestful speed when conditions justify it—yet taxation, insurance, running and maintenance charges as moderate as first-cost.

We put price last. Satisfy yourself on every other point. Then consider the price, permitted only by the matchless production-resources of the Ford Works at Dagenham.

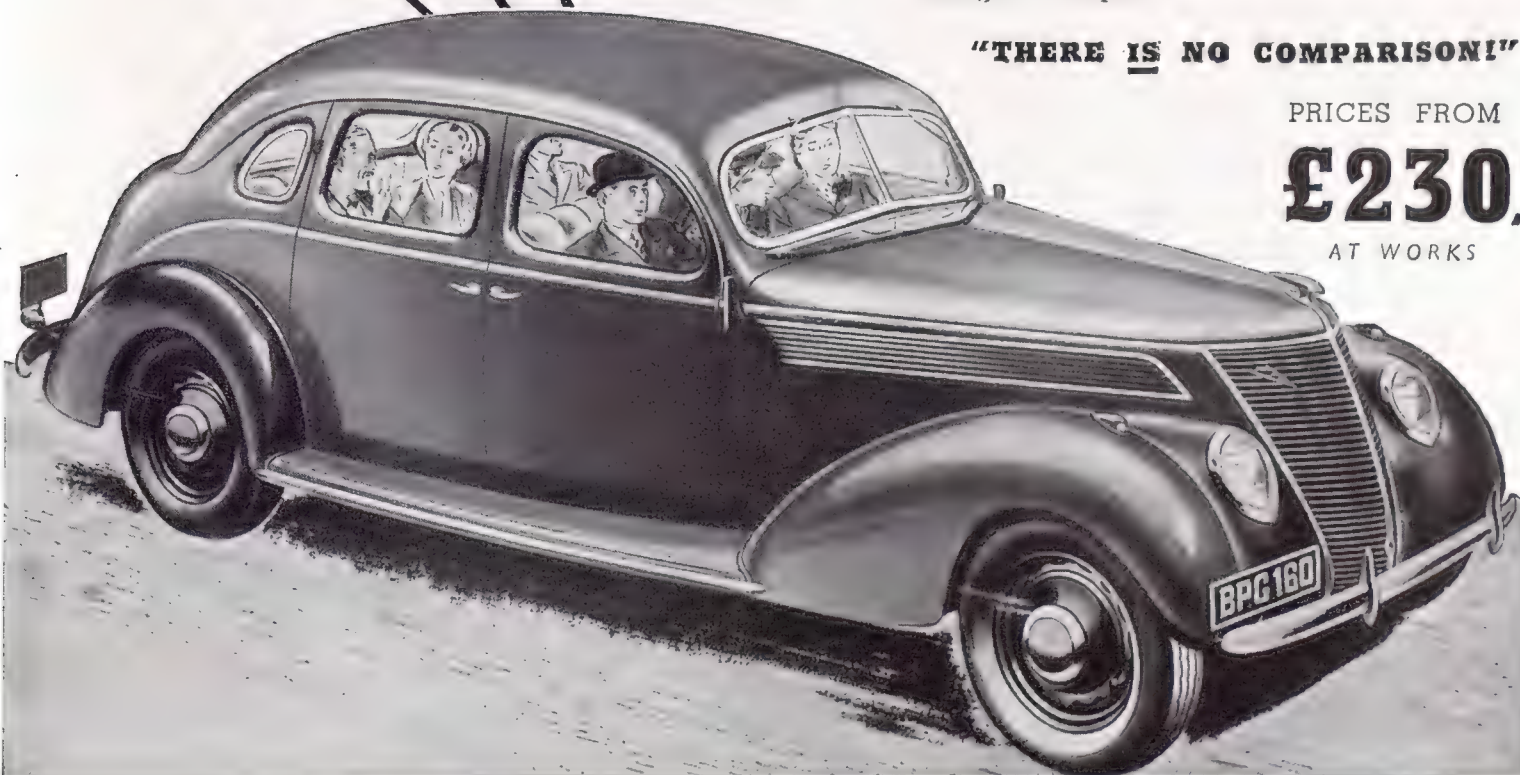
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"The Blue Scarab"

(Continued from p. 456)

If this was not so, forgive me, for you were always a funny cuss and probably were in one of your moods. Wear the ring, for it has brought me good luck and is older than any in our museums, belonging, I believe, to the days before the kings, when the Egyptians were searching for leaders and hoping for a salvation which never came."

Leslie Farnworth was relieved. He smiled to himself and sighed deeply. He was glad the nightmare of suspicion was over, though at the back of his mind he had a strange feeling that the story was not ended and that somehow and somewhere he would come upon the answer to the mystery about which so far only he had any apparent knowledge. Thereupon he slipped the ring on his second finger, which it loosely encircled.

For two whole years Roger Sternhouse had been excavating in Egypt, and it was a great joy to Leslie Farnworth to receive on his return a letter from his old friend asking him to spend part of the month of November in Scotland. It appeared that Sternhouse had rented a shoot and that although he knew his friend had no experience of such sport he hoped he would come along as a companion, since, in the party he had arranged, there were also one or two others who preferred conversation to sport. Now, since November in London is about as depressing as anything can be, Leslie Farnworth was delighted at the invitation and immediately sat down and wrote an acceptance of such a kind proposal, asking for details of the journey, the station for detrain- ing and the address of the house for the purpose of having letters forwarded thereto.



MISS MOYRA SCOTT: A CORONATION YEAR DÉBUTANTE

Lord and Lady Francis Scott's younger daughter is on her way home from Kenya to be presented this year. She was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, last year. Another aunt, Lady Violet Astor, her mother's sister, is giving a dance for her at Carlton House Terrace on June 8. Another of her mother's sisters is Lady Cromer

It was a foggy day when he left London, and when he met the sun at York he congratulated himself on his escape from darkness and depression and promised himself some grand walks and plenty of time for reading those many novels which his professional occupation forced him to read for reviewing's sake.

He had to change trains twice before he found himself at his destination, and, although he was tired and dirty from his journeying, the welcome he received from Sternhouse made him forget his plight. The two drove some fifteen miles in the station Ford, and on his arrival at the grey stone house where he was to stay he was once again able to realise the incredible difference in taste between Scots whisky drunk in Scotland and Scots whisky sipped in England. For three days Leslie Farnworth, in company with one and sometimes two of the very mixed house party, made short rambles along the lanes or over the moors, while in the evening he devoted himself to his novel reading. On the fourth day he and his walking companions followed the shooters, and Leslie Farnworth was amazed at his own interest in watching the birds fly and fall to the guns of his other friends. In fact, he could not help thinking to himself how easy it must be to kill birds who loomed so large and so low against the leaden sky. He mentioned this to Sternhouse, and that night after dinner his host taunted him with his boast.

"Why don't you join us to-morrow, then?" he asked cheerfully. "You'll soon find they are not as easy to hit as all that."

"Yes, why not?" urged the best shot among the women guests. "I'm sure you could hit them as well as I can."

(Continued on p. xviii)

TWO MG LITRE

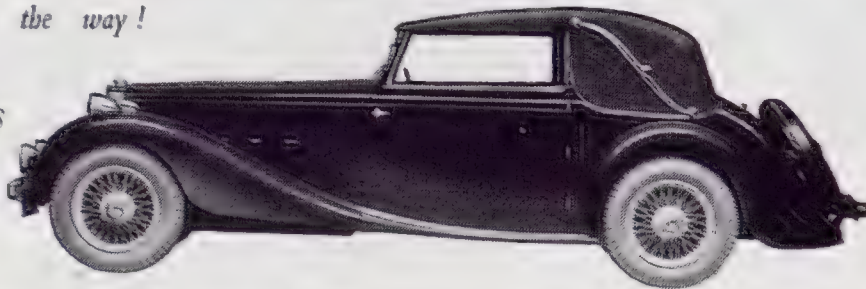


SAFETY FAST!


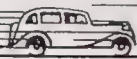
A PREVIOUS MAGNETTE OWNER WRITES...

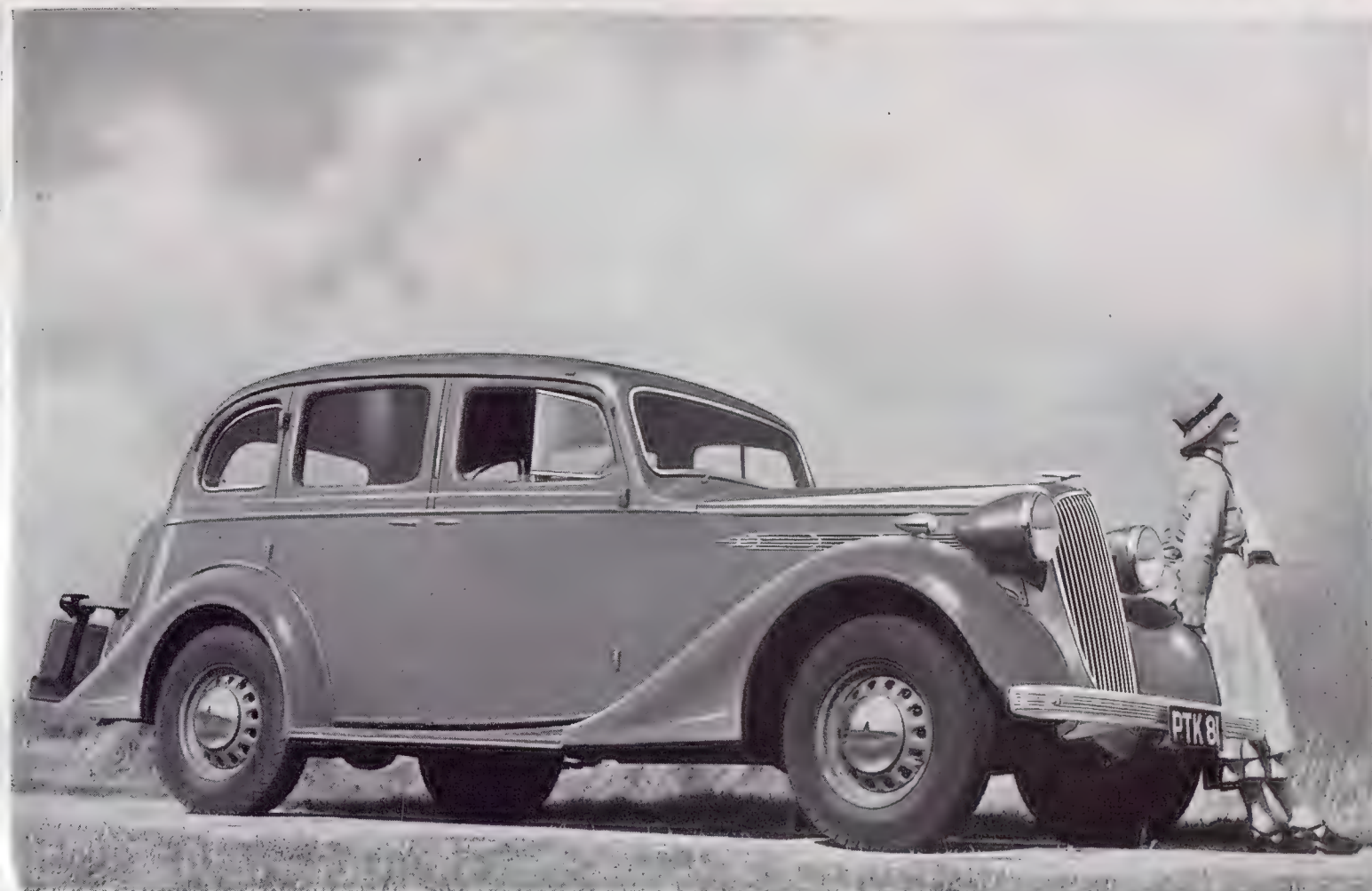
I bated parting with the old Magnette—but it had to be. Being very much a family man now, I needed more room, more luggage space, and a roof over my head. Hence the Two-Litre. I can say right out that to my surprise my Two-Litre puts the old Magnette in the shade. She's definitely faster, and she handles perfectly. So I've no regrets after all. Incidentally the Two-Litre is one of the finest-looking cars on the road. My wife endorses everything I write—my first endorsement, by the way!

- Four-door Saloon £389
 - "Tickford" folding head Foursome £398
 - Tourer £385
- (Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall)
Buy a car made in the United Kingdom.
M.G. owners read 'The Sports Car.'



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RIDING  is changed to  GLIDING



The 25 h.p. Vauxhall Saloon £298

“Mixed Motoring” Days

“Mixed Motoring”—yes. Driving, once a purely masculine duty, has now become *the pleasure* of the whole family.

“Mixed Motoring” has brought us better cars. Light, easy-to-handle controls, a taxi-like turning circle for quick parking, Super Synchro Mesh easy gear change, smooth powerful brakes that answer the touch of a dainty foot—all these are good points of the new Vauxhalls 12, 14 and 25 h.p.

Not that Madame scorns the fine turn of speed of the Vauxhall six-cylinder engine, the lively acceleration in traffic and the smooth “gliding” ride of Vauxhall Independent Springing. But first of all she *asks* of a car that it be good to look at, easy to start, and easy to drive—and these and much more she *gets* in the new Vauxhalls.

Vauxhall Saloons range in price from the 12 h.p. at £195 and 14 h.p. at £215 to the 25 h.p. at £298. Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to demonstrate.

Vauxhall

COMPLETE VAUXHALL PRICE LIST

“12” & “14” MODELS. Standard Saloon (12 h.p. only) £195. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon (14 h.p. only) with enclosed luggage accommodation, £220. Coupe £235. Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupe £285. Wingham Cabriolet £310.

25 H.P. MODELS. Saloon £298. Grosvenor Close-coupled Saloon £345. Tickford Drophead Coupe £365. Wingham Cabriolet £400. Long wheelbase “25” models. Continental Touring Saloon £528. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine £575.

Catalogues on request from VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON.

"The Blue Scarab"—continued from p. xvi

"But I haven't shot for years," protested Farnworth. "And besides, I haven't any proper kit."

"There's no trouble about that. There's an old suit of John Hemming's he left here last year that would fit you, and as thick a pair of boots as ever kept water off a man's feet," suggested Sternhouse. Leslie Farnworth protested once more that he was much out of practice, but in face of the repeated requests from all the shooters he weakened, and finally agreed that if the clothes and boots fitted he would join them for to-morrow. The next day broke cold and misty and Leslie Farnworth, arrayed in John Hemming's knickerbocker suit, was received with acclamations at the breakfast-table. The day's sport was to take place at the farthest end of the rented moorland, and a large shooting-van took the party some twenty miles away from the house, where, full of laughter and enthusiasm, they were landed in the midst of as bleak a stretch of country as could be imagined. Afraid lest he should trip up on some point of shooting etiquette Leslie Farnworth stayed close to his host, and when the first covey flew over and success attended his gun Farnworth felt he had surely too long neglected the finest sport in the whole world. They lunched in the open by the shooting-van and everyone praised Leslie Farnworth's skill; so much so that after the meal was over he determined to excel his morning's success and even leave his host's side should occasion warrant it. With the early setting of the sun the mist began to gather in increasing density, and it was obvious that the day's sport would soon be at an end.

It was just before Sternhouse was about to ask Farnworth whether he had not had enough that he noticed his absence from the accustomed place at his side. He called to him, but there was no answer. He walked some little way towards a dell through which ran a small burn and called

again. Farnworth heard him call, but could not answer. He had moved away from Sternhouse some few minutes previously and had suddenly found himself on the edge of a thick undergrowth of brushwood which sloped abruptly to a burn. Exactly opposite him, through the mist, the sight of the faint outline of a rowan tree made him stop

dead. It was cold where he stood, damp and cold. He put his hand to his neck and pulled his scarf tighter around it, and then he looked down . . . at the end of his green scarf, at his green shooting-jacket, at his green knickerbockers, at his thick boots, and it appalled him. Sternhouse called once more. There was the noise of a man tripped by a root of brushwood and a man's fall. There was the explosion of a cartridge and a crashing through the brushwood, and then silence. After what seemed an eternity Sternhouse, who had hurriedly picked himself up, appeared at the brink of the dell and peered agitatedly downwards. In a second he was at the bottom and bending over the dead body of his friend, who lay at the bottom, head and shoulders covered by the undergrowth, his thick boots washed by the brown water, while nestling close by among the stones was the blue scarab that had dropped from his finger as he came to his resting-place opposite a rowan tree which grew by an old stone bridge.

THE END

* * *

London's largest and most enthusiastic committee (with thirty vice-chairmen!) has already partly sold out the Queen's Hall for the first and only Salzburg Festival Concert (for Queen Charlotte's Hospital), which will take place on Thursday evening, April 22. The world-famed Salzburg (Mozart) Orchestra is coming specially to England, and with them will sing the great baritone of the Scala, Mariano Stabile, and Audrey Mildmay, the leading soprano of Glyndebourne. The Italian Ambassador, the Austrian, Czechoslovak and other ministers are to be present. A great diplomatic turn-out for this gala affair. . . .



Sasha

PEARL ARGYLE, WHO IS A PROUD MOTHER

A son and heir has recently arrived to Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Bernhardt, she being better known to her admiring public as Pearl Argyle, the very graceful ballerina and film actress. Mr. Kurt Bernhardt is the famous film director. The baby was born in London and reports of mother and son are good

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A charming felt hat for town or country wear—the lacing may be either self colour or a contrasting shade.

Model M.5069 Price 25'9

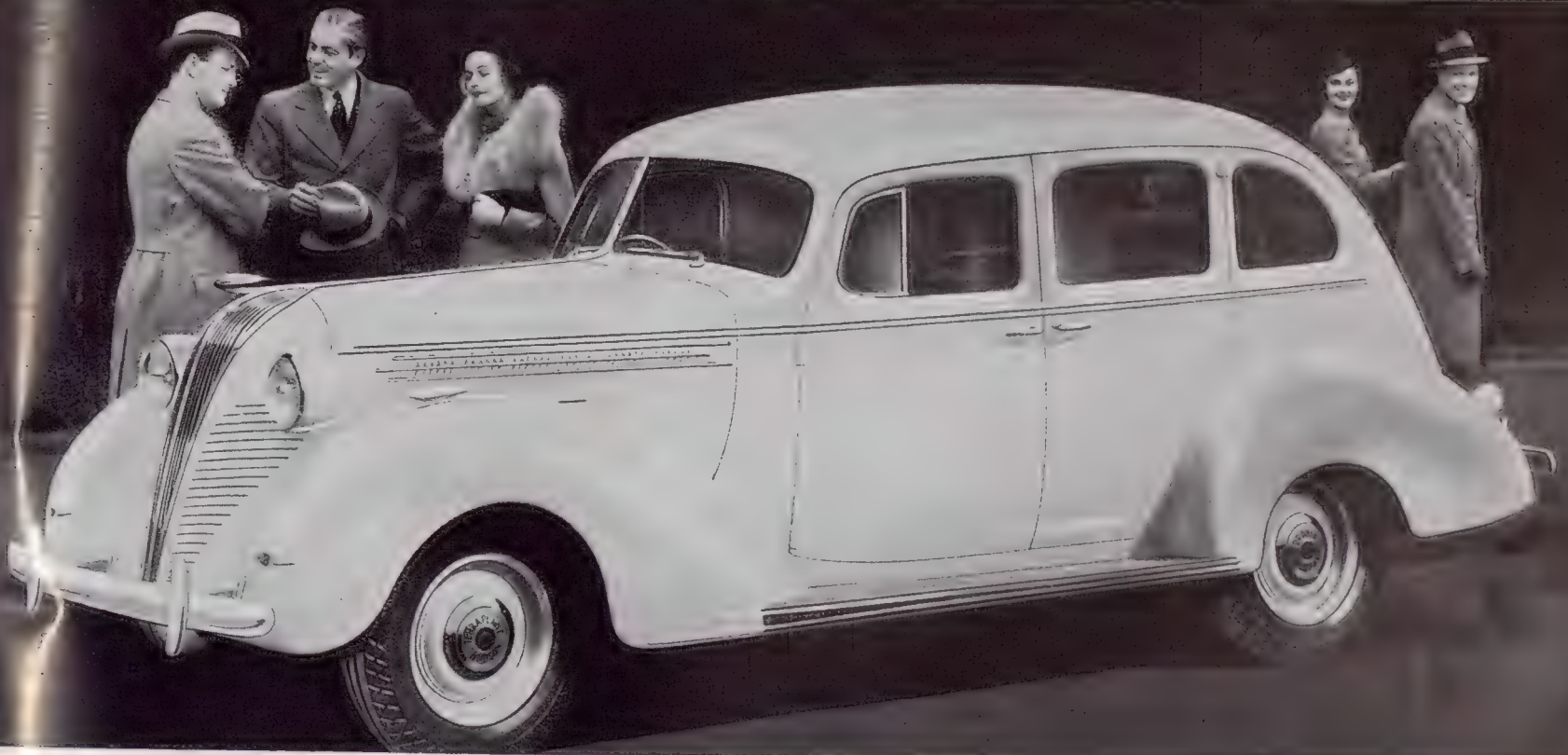
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You needn't depend on claims or guesswork! At their prices, Terraplanes and Hudsons lead in things that can be **measured** and **proved**. Here are just a few of their advantages . . . you'll find many more when you drive one.

First in size, Roominess and Luxury! Wheelbases increased to 9 feet 9 inches in Terraplane; 10 feet 2 inches and 10 feet 9 inches in Hudson . . . yet **actually less** over-all length than heretofore. With 55 full inches of front seat comfort for three, inches wider than **any** other car. And interior richness equal to that of far more costly cars.

First in Power with Economy! Power increased to 101 developed horsepower in Terraplane, 101 and 122 developed horsepower in Hudson. Yet the Terraplane is taxed at only £16 10s. Hudson Eight at only £21 15s. Proved performance and endurance certified by 40 official records.

**TERRAPLANE
PRICES
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With **even less** petrol consumption. Sports type of double carburation **standard** in both Sixes and Eights.

First in Safety! Bodies **all** of steel, with roofs of solid steel. Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes—two separate braking systems from the same pedal, and a handy parking brake lever under the cowl.

Arrange for a trial run on a Terraplane or Hudson. Let them prove themselves the **first** cars for the money, and in everything you want.

HUDSON MOTORS LTD. Works: **GREAT WEST ROAD, W.4.** (Chiswick 4777)

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DEALERS THROUGHOUT BRITISH ISLES • ARRANGE FOR TRIAL RUN TO-DAY

Terraplane Sixes from £285. • Terraplane De Luxe Sixes from £335. • Hudson Sixes from £355. • Hudson Eights from £395.

MOST POWER . . . MOST ROOM . . . AT SUCH PRICES!

Air Eddies—continued from p. 452

three or six or nine of them all together and you have a source of noise unequalled in intensity. Nor can I see any prospect of reductions in aeroplane noise, because the military machine must get as much performance as it can out of its engine and airscrew and silencing devices on both these components demand to be paid back in power. But let not Oxford nor any other place confuse the military machine with the commercial, or with the private aeroplane. The commercial machine may be noisy from the external listener's point of view (some of them are very quiet from the passenger's point of view), but it hardly ever goes round and round and up and down all the time near the same spot in the exasperating manner of military machines.

The commercial machine comes and goes, and the time it is over one spot is not usually long enough to constitute it a nuisance within the meaning of the Act. The private aeroplane is usually low-powered relative to the military machine and it usually flies alone. Consequently let us beg those who are protesting against the noise of aeroplanes expressly to exclude in their literary tirades both commercial and privately owned aeroplanes. When they talk of the noise of aeroplanes, they mean almost invariably the noise of military aeroplanes. They should be good enough to say so.



SIR JULIEN CAHN'S XI ON THE DUTCH STEAMER "DEMPO"

Sir Julien Cahn, well known as an enthusiast for cricket, is touring with an eleven to the East. The team are here seen aboard the Dutch ship on which they travelled. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Louis, G. P. Summers, S. D. Rhodes, J. B. Hall, H. J. Crisp, I. A. R. Peebles, S. E. C. Sutterworth, C. B. Maxwell, and G. Shaw; on chairs—B. H. Lyon, Sir Julien Cahn, and D. P. S. Markel; front row—E. G. Wolfe, T. B. Beddick, C. S. Dempster, and C. C. Goodway

Balloon Aprons.

No stronger support could be given to Mr. Harcourt Johnstone's charges about the backwardness of British balloon apron development than the secrecy with which the Air Ministry pretends to surround it. For the fact is that, if this country had balloon apron equipment fully manned and in quantity, secrecy would be out of the question. It is only because the number of balloons is negligible and the work done limited, that secrecy of sorts can be maintained. I say of sorts because those who follow the Notices to Airmen do not have to exercise any very profound powers of reasoning to know just about what is happening.

We have read, for instance, a Notice to Airmen warning pilots against kite balloons which are being flown at heights up to 20,000 ft. in the region of Cardington Airship Station. The mooring cables are not fitted with the usual streamers or lights.

It does not demand a long or abstruse process of reasoning to arrive at the conclusion either that the Government is engaging in an elaborate plan for deceiving its critics by pretending that the balloons can get up to 20,000 ft. when, in fact, they can only get to 10,000 ft.; or else that the balloons are, in fact, capable of getting to 20,000 ft. Personally I believe the second explanation. During the war balloons were projected to get to 25,000 ft. so nineteen years afterwards they ought to be able to get to 20,000 ft.



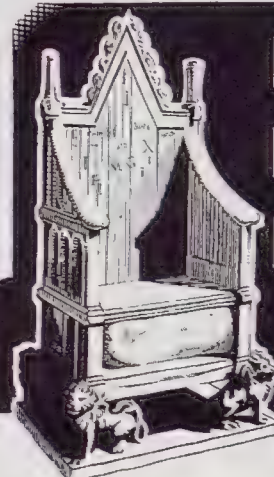
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THE CORONATION
STONE OF SCONE

The "Stone of Destiny" was taken from Scone Abbey near Perth by Edward I in 1296 to Westminster Abbey, where it now lies beneath the Coronation Chair. All the Kings of England since that date have been crowned above this venerable stone.



CUSTOMS THAT

TIME HAS

HONOURED

IN an age of speed it is good to taste the mellowness of Time itself in this fine old Liqueur Scotch Whisky. The "Antiquary" is the first and best. All people of discrimination choose it—and enjoy it equally with water or soda.

Make it your Home
Whisky!

The
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THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY



Supplied only in quarts and
pint measures. Still ever-ready at
hand and abroad. If any dis-
cussion in obtaining supplies,
please write: Sole Proprietors,
J. & W. Rankin, Scotland.



BY APPOINTMENT

*'For the same money
he could have
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CAPTAIN BRUCE INGRAM'S LOAN EXHIBITION IN BOND STREET

A second Loan Exhibition of drawings belonging to that noted collector of masters of maritime art, Captain Bruce Ingram, was opened at Colnaghi's, New Bond Street, on March 3 by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield, First Sea Lord. Once again it provides an admirable and comprehensive epitome of the work of all the Dutch and British artists who chose the sea as their subject and ships as their models. Reproduced on this page is a water-colour, with etched outline, by Samuel Owen (b. circa 1769, d. 1857), described as "Captain William Bligh (of 'Bounty' fame) in the 'Director' raking the 'Vryheid' at the Battle of Camperdown, October 11, 1797."

With one exception none of the drawings on view this time appeared in Captain Ingram's previous exhibition. The whole of the small gallery has been given over to the work of William Van de Velde the Elder and the Younger. In his admirable introduction to the illustrated catalogue Professor Geoffrey Callender, Director of the National Maritime Museum, writes: "It is impossible to dissociate the Van de Veldes from the history of maritime art or to underestimate the influence they exerted upon it. So dominating and far-reaching was this influence that, if lesser artists are to receive fair play, their work should be examined independently; and for this reason the Van de Velde drawings have this year been segregated in a separate room. This insulation has its disadvantages, and the serious



AN EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF SAMUEL OWEN ON VIEW AT CAPTAIN BRUCE INGRAM'S LOAN EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S

student should not allow himself, even temporarily, to overlook the fact that, without the Van de Veldes, marine art might never have crossed the 'Lowland Sea' or taken root and blossomed so luxuriantly in England."

The catalogue also contains a very interesting note by the collector himself on the Van de Veldes, in which he says: "The thirty-six examples — of which, as far as I am aware, only two have previously been shown in public: namely, No. 27, which was shown in last year's exhibition, but which is included for the sake of comparison with other subjects of a similar nature; and No. 16, which was chosen for the Charles II Loan Exhibition at Grosvenor Place in 1932—have been selected not only for their appeal to the aesthetic sense, but also because they exemplify the work of the Van de Veldes in its different aspects. Some of

the drawings will, I think, come as a surprise even to the closest students of these artists' work—especially the figure studies and the landscape—or I should say, 'shorescape'—sketches."

Captain Ingram's Van de Veldes will undoubtedly cause many people to break the tenth commandment, and the main gallery at Colnaghi's also contains many enviable possessions. One of them is "The Ascension Day Festival at Venice with the Bucentaur setting out for the Lido" (c. 1580). The exhibition remains open until March 31, and once again the whole proceeds of the sale of catalogues goes to King George's Fund for Sailors.

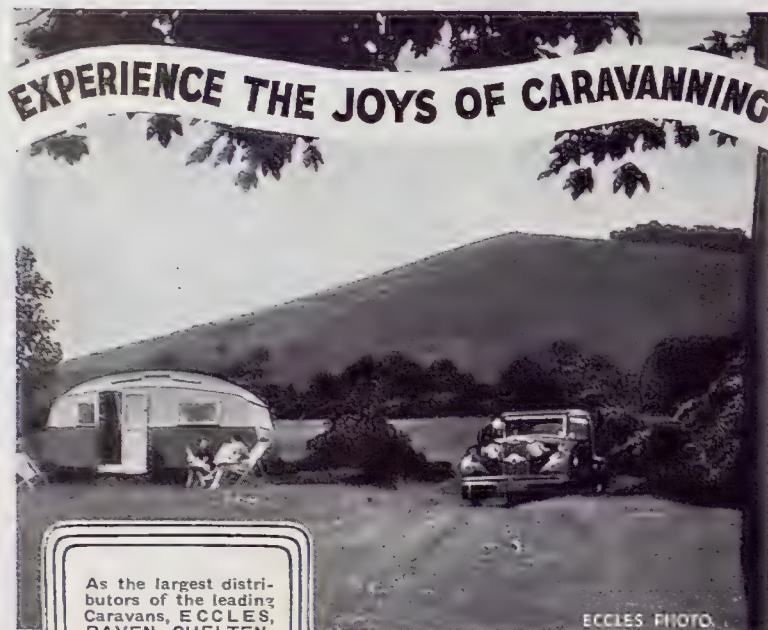
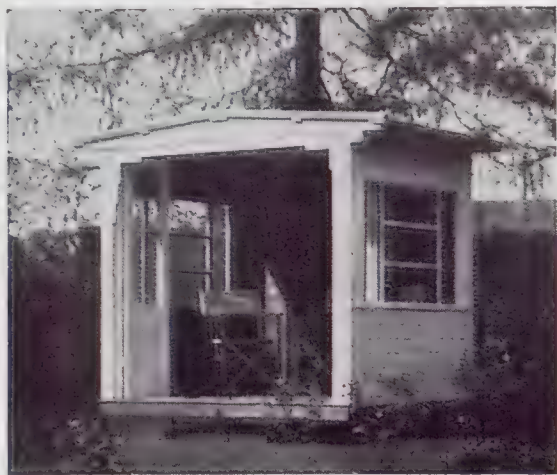
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MISS CAREW-POLE AND LADY BROCKET



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE

All these hats made recent appearances on various lawful occasions, and are the first blooms of a spring that we hope may be only just round the corner. The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket was at the Schiaparelli fashion parade, as also was Lady Oranmore and Browne, who wore the striking hat and veil seen in the picture. Miss Carew-Pole and Lady Brocket, the former Miss Angela Pennyman, were at Mrs. Warren Pearl's sherry party in connection with the recent gala performance of ballet at the Piccadilly Theatre in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs, to which H.M. the Queen gave her patronage.

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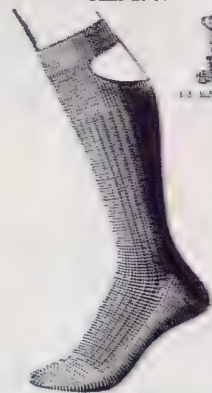
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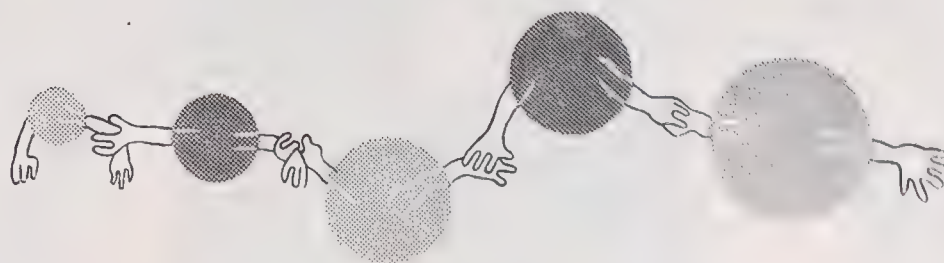
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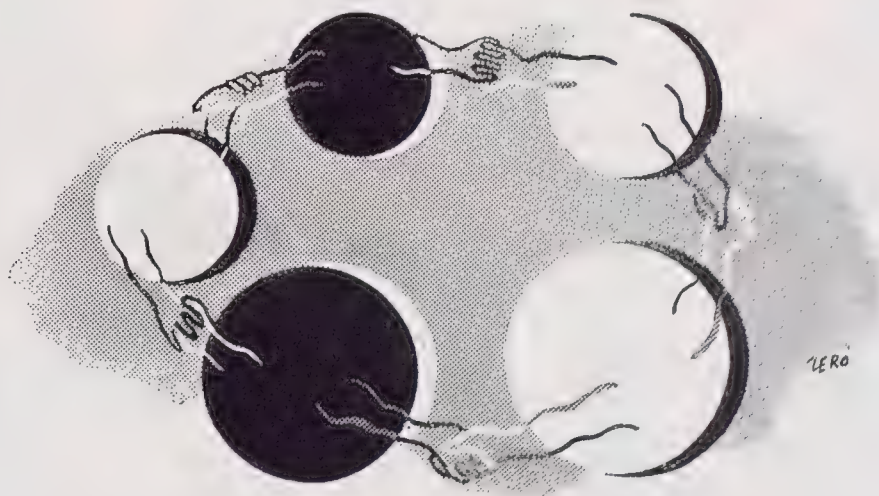
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From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 458

From the York and Ainsty

Thursday (February 25) saw the Southerners at Naburn for the second time this season and, as on the previous occasion, the one Moreby Wood fox provided quite a nice little hunt. The small company included a general, three retired colonels, one serving ditto, and a few more people; even this select gathering was soon thinned by casualties, the lady from the Middleton being ditched at the first obstacle and the young officer losing his horse, which had a good run on its own before capture. The cavalryman survived longer, but was slightly concussed later. As to the hunt itself, the fox led us over the Stillingfleet Beck and the old point-to-point course before defeating hounds just north of Riceall.

On the same day the North pack met at Arkendale and drew many coverts blank which normally can always be counted on; however, they found at last in a rough field near Jacobs Plantation and had a very twisty hunt of an hour and a half in the Bishop Monkton-Doodly Flat-Roecliffe Whin area, which saved the day.

On Saturday (27th) the South dog pack met at Cravke Castle, where our friend Marjorie dispensed hospitality. After some blank draws it was again a case of finding one fox and having a good hunt. An outlier found between Easingwold and Peep O'Day was hunted in a big left-handed loop past Oulston and Huthwaite, back by Peep O'Day, past Oulston again, and on to the Gill at Newburgh, where he was lost in a rainstorm. So ended February of 1937, a real "fill-dike" if ever there was one.



Hay Wrightson

A CORONATION DÉBUTANTE: MISS AUDREY BATES

Miss Audrey Bates is the daughter of Mrs. Cecil Bates and of the late Major C. R. Bates, D.S.O., M.C., and a granddaughter of Sir James Heath. She is a débutante of this season, and her mother and Mrs. Cecil Maunsell are joining in giving a dance for their daughters on May 20. Miss Bates is a well-known figure with the Pytchley

Thick snow fell on Sunday, which put a stop to the meet of the Northerners on Monday, March 1, likewise to that of the Southerners on Tuesday (2nd).

From the Fernie

The paddock of the Dog and Gun at Kilby was our Monday rendez-vous, with a large field out. The congestion in the village street on our exit took Peaker and his hounds, also the mounted brigade, all their time to navigate to safety, but once Wistow Park was gained and the turf felt under hoof one could breathe freely. Foxes were elusive, several of our best coverts failed. Gwens Gorse, however, gave a twisting customer, who sought the precincts of Ashby Magna village and vanished on the outskirts. The hunt was of short duration. The unfortunate lady who jumped on to a milk churn not only cut her horse, but suffered a broken collar-bone. However, a good friend, with the aid of a hunting crop and thong, managed to do some first-aid until home was reached. A Jane Ball fox, after ringing out to Knaptoft, had the best of hounds near Mowsley at the end of a poor day. The Weedon contingent, we trust, will have better luck next time. The Household Cavalry point-to-point at Beeby on Friday attracted all hunting Leicestershire. It teemed with rain, and those who traversed the fields to view the race were ankle deep in mud. There was a capital entry and a good contest, several bumpers, and Colonel Speed, Life Guards, a very popular winner.

The passing of Mr. "Jack" Bellville, the result of that bad fall, has removed another well-known figure from our field. A fearless rider, always full of enthusiasm, and ever ready to encourage the young idea to hounds. He will be badly missed.

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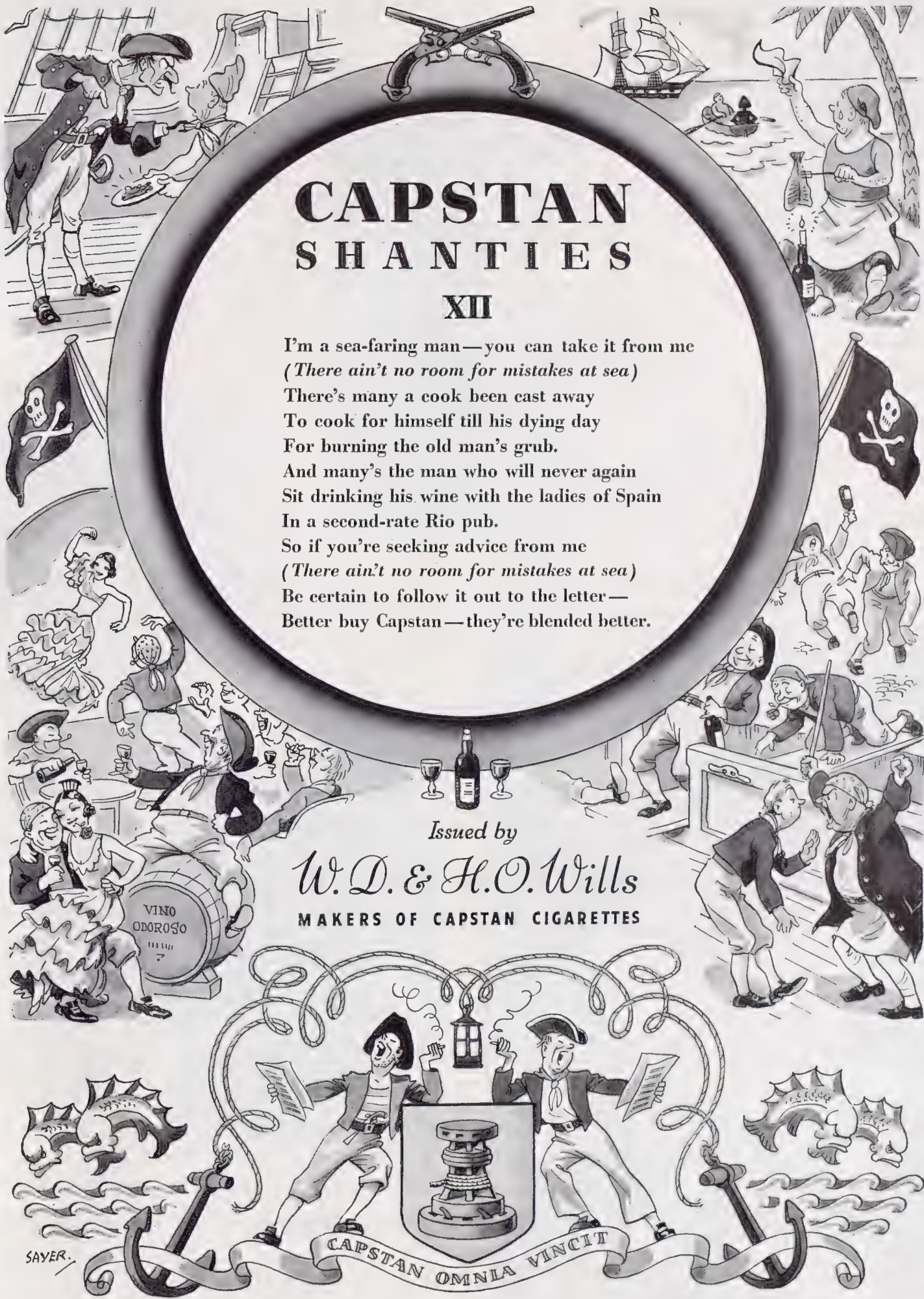
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XII

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St. George's, Hanover Square, Major I. M. Stewart, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is marrying Miss Virginia Moxley-Hatch on April 8 at Chelsea Old Church, and on April 10 there is the wedding between Lieut. Commander A. P. Gibson, Royal Navy, and Miss M. A. West, which will take place at St. John's Church, Battersea.

Recently Engaged.

Lieut. Commander Patrick Johnston Moncreiff Denney, R.N. (ret.), of Woodlodge, Wandsworth, and Miss Margaret Bosman, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Bosman, of Marcott House, near Rugby, and Mrs.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Shortly.

On March 27, Mr. D. C. Cameron and Miss Janet Hodgson are being married quietly at St. Mary's Church, Hove; Mr. Alan Sher-

man James, of Calcutta, the youngest son of Mr. R. W. James and Mrs. James, of Eastbourne, is marrying Miss Grace Josephine Temple, the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Howard Temple and Mrs. Temple, of Four Winds, Hoxlake, on April 4, at All Souls', Langham Place; Captain Gerald Hoggart MacCarthy and Miss Yolande Yorke de Belthine are being married on April 6 at



CAPTAIN AND MRS. H. W. RICH

Photographed after their marriage at St. George's, Brompton, on February 9. Captain H. W. Rich is in the 4th P.M.O. Gurkha Rifles, and his bride was formerly Miss Mary Hope Densdale Fox, and is the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Fox

Brown, of Morley House, Thorpe, Surrey; Flight Lieutenant Gerald Hamilton Loughnan, the eldest son of the late Mr. Nicholas Connell Loughnan, of Clonard

Castle, Co. Kilkenny, and Mrs. Loughnan, and Miss Audrey Aline Buller, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Buller, O.B.E., M.C., R.E., and Mrs. Buller (present address, Aldwick Cottage, Bray, Berks); Flying Officer (Aeneas Ronald) Donald Mac Donnell, R.A.F., H.M.S. *Glorious*, the eldest son of Aeneas Ronald Mac Donnell, of Glengarry, C.B.E., and the late Mrs. Mac-

Donnell, of Christchurch, Hants, and Miss Jocelyn Elaine Heathcote-Smith, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. E. Heathcote-Smith, C.M.G., C.B.E., H.B.M., Consul-General, and Mrs. Heathcote-Smith, of Alexandria, Egypt; Captain John James McCully, The Royal Sussex Regiment attached Iraq Levies, Baghdad, and Miss Honor Good Ward, the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Ward, of Baghdad and Basra, Iraq, and Tunoonia, Walmer, Kent; Mr. Kenneth Clarence Kenla, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kenla, of Camp Allge, Oporto, and Miss Una Elizabeth McAllum, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McAllum, of Milford-on-Sea, Hants.



MISS MARY WILLIAMS

Who is engaged to Mr. Rowland Bertram Rapp, the only son of the late Mr. B. D. Rapp and Mrs. Rapp, of Somersby, Amersham, Bucks, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams, of Kynance, Wordsworth Avenue, Cardiff.

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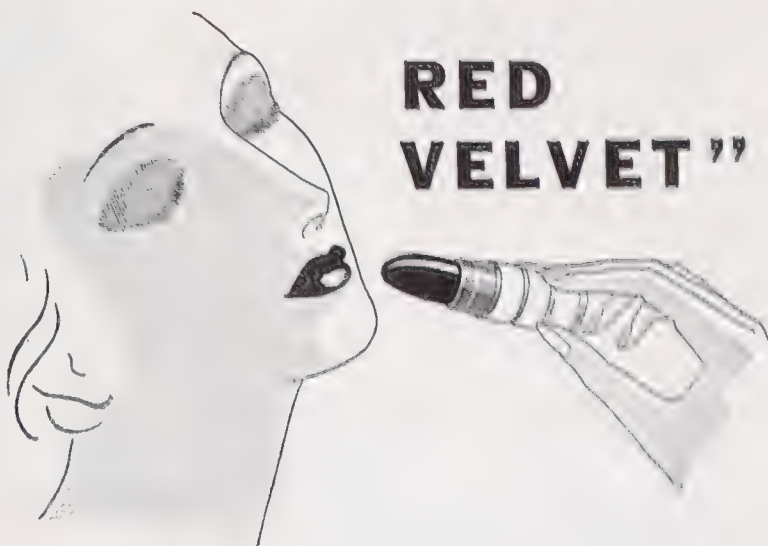


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Miss Street is one of those who have discovered the charms of the Deerhound. She owns a good one in Ranza and hopes to go in for them more. She has not deserted her old love the Cocker. I have the following from her: "I have a really lovely litter of blacks and blue roans, ten weeks old, for sale. They are the best I ever had, and could not be better bred from a combination of working and show blood. I have not room to keep them, so there is a chance for someone! I have a nice black dog, fourteen months, house trained and inoculated, a winner at small shows, a charming character, and very obedient and intelligent, at a reasonable price to a good country home.

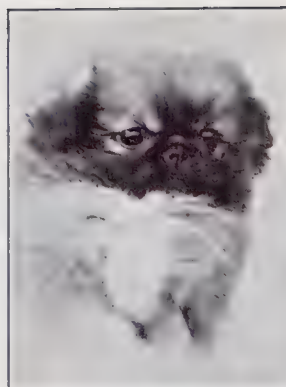
I have also a very nice black bitch for sale, or on breeding terms, a consistent winner, house trained and inoculated. She has had one litter and is a splendid mother." The popularity of the Cocker, both as show and companion, shows no sign of diminishing.

The Border Terrier certainly is the Terrier of the Borders, everyone seems to have them there. He is a very old breed, and one can fancy the Picts watching the Roman soldiers on the Wall, and their sharp-eyed red terriers watching beside them. The Border is at this moment the gamest of the Terrier tribe, he, or she, is a really game dog. A few years ago they reached the Show



COCKERS

The property of Miss Street



PEKINESE PUPPY

The property of Miss Stevenson MacEwen

ASSOCIATION NOTES

bench and one trembled for them, but happily they are in the right hands and are allowed to retain their breed characteristics—among them the short wide head—and their sporting qualities as well. They make admirable house dogs, as they are not in the least quarrelsome or noisy and bring in no dust. They are, therefore, becoming more popular every day. Mrs. Twist has a good kennel of Borders and sends a photograph of some typical ones bred by her. She usually has some for sale.

Miss Stevenson MacEwen has a well-known kennel of Pekinese and sends the following: "Spring is a good time to buy a puppy. It has all the summer before it to settle into its new home and learn to be a real joy to its owners. Some doctors prescribe 'a Pekinese puppy,' and I have been asked on different occasions to make up the prescription. I have numbers of letters from grateful patients, many of whom are now old friends. The dogs at Southwood are kept under ideal conditions, fresh air, cleanliness, and good food making healthy little bodies, and individual care and training making interesting, clever minds. I can supply healthy, house-trained pets at short notice, sent safely to any address."

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Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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Lilley & Skinner

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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for gifts to help two elderly sisters who are in need of a small allowance. Coming of good family (their grandfathers on both sides served in the Navy), they were brought up during the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign. After their parents' deaths they were left a small income, which dwindled and finally vanished after the war. Their home is a tiny house in a London suburb and their income 25s. weekly. Ten shillings of this comes through letting a room and the balance from a charitable society. At times these poor ladies are on the verge of starvation. Please help us to help them. — as needed.

A Fancy Dress Ice Carnival is to be held at Queen's Ice Skating Club on Thursday, March 18, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital. General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., R.C.V.O., is Chairman of the Com-



Stage Photo Co

DOING BIG BUSINESS IN LAUGHS

Wylie Watson, Vera Pearce, Bobby Howes and Bertha Belmore all set for their Robin Hood number in *Big Business* at the London Hippodrome. This superb team of fun-makers is largely responsible for the very big business being done by Jack Waller's new musical show which opened last month

mittee formed to assist with the organisation of the event. Skating will commence at 8 p.m. and continue until midnight. During the evening a number of exhibitions will be given by well-known skaters, including Miss Belita Jephson Turner, and other contestants in the recent championships. The main event of the evening, however, will be a spectacular Ice Revue entitled *The Viennese Doll*, a skating fantasy, which is being produced by Miss G. Hogg and Mr. H. Steinschaden, of Queen's Ice Skating Club, and the music is being specially arranged by Ray Goddere. The cast will include Miss Rita Bramley, Miss B. Croom-Johnson, Mr. Erich Ardos, Mr. W. Gregory, Miss G. Hogg, Mr. D. Lightfoot, Mr. Eddie Scholden, Mr. Hermann Steinschaden, Mr. Charles Veale, Miss C. Warwick, and Mr. Hope Braine, the Open Professional Champion, who is returning to England to perform, and other star professionals, and they will be supported by a number of exceptionally clever amateur members of the club.

A valuable collection of prizes has been given by friends of the hospital for the various competitions which will be organised during the evening, and for the fancy dresses. The prizes will be presented by Mr. Will Hay.

Tickets for the Carnival, which may

RODEX COAT OF GORSLAN SCOTCH BOUCLÉ TWEED

Design for youth—worthy to greet Spring in her most joyous mood. This extremely smart Rodex model is made from one of the most important of the new season's coating materials. In their beautiful shades and tone blendings Gorslan Scotch Bouclé Tweeds rival Nature's own profusion of colour. Their texture is of a pleasing mid-weight, admirably suited to slim, youthful lines, yet close and cosy enough for that protection so necessary in Spring's varying moods. Look for the Rodex label at the leading shops and stores.

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Stage Photo Co.

IN "SUSPECT"

"Robert Smith" (Peter Murray Hill) and "James Rendle" (Andrea Trobridge) decide that nothing shall prevent matrimony legalising love's young dream. *Suspect*, Rex Judd's thriller, is having a deserved success at the St. Martin's Theatre.

he obtained from the Treasurer's Secretary, St. Mary's Hospital, W.2, and from the Manager, Queen's Ice Skating Club, Queen's Road, W.2, are 7s. 6d. for visitors, 6s. for members, and 5s. for spectators.

A Correction.

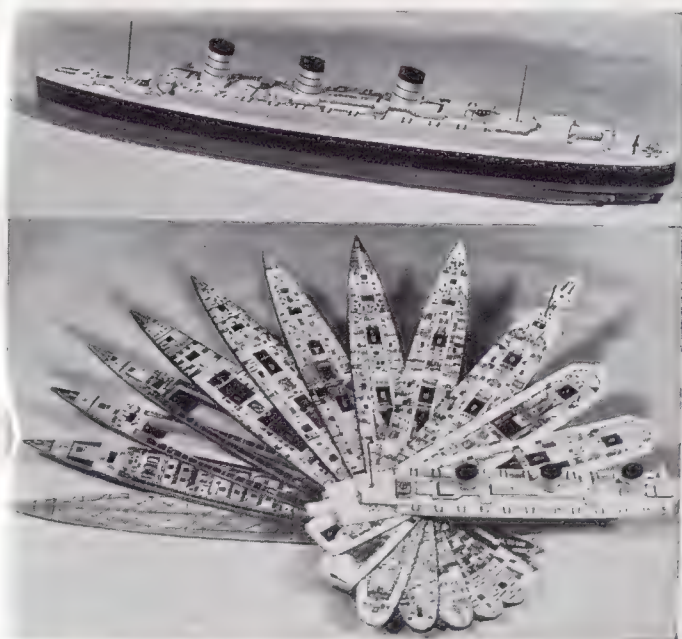
In the issue of *The Tatler* for March 3 a portrait of Miss Pamela Armstrong was described as "Miss Pamela Armstrong, a niece of the late Dame Nellie Melba." This should have read "a granddaughter": Miss Armstrong is the daughter of Mr. George Armstrong, the only son of the great singer. Miss Armstrong is a Concorde debutante and her coming-out ball is to be at Claridge's on May 25.



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THE CLIP WHICH BECOMES—

Clip Lorgnettes.

The clip lorgnette is a novelty that has made its debut under the aegis of Theodore Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street; it is practical, decorative and smart. As will be seen from the illustration on the left it may be worn as a clip on an evening dress; then, when wanted, a lorgnette comes into play—a useful device for the theatre. Naturally, the glasses are made only to the prescriptions of ophthalmic surgeons.

INTERESTING INFORMATION

On a variety of topical subjects



LORGNETTES WHEN WANTED

For Men.

The character of the "Clips" of these lorgnettes varies considerably. Sometimes they are simple little affairs, while at other times they are particularly elaborate. Hamblin will, if desired, adapt the beautifully jewelled handles of old-world lorgnettes. Very simple clips have been made for men on the lines of a fountain pen so that they can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Everyone must write for this firm's booklet, as it gives full details of "Contour" shaped spectacles, "Full Field" sporting spectacles, and also their "Speclettes."

Choose the Right Foundation.

Even a slender figure needs the control and support of a well-chosen foundation garment. The right combination of firmness and freedom is achieved by belts and girdles created by Scandale, which can be obtained at most of the leading shops at prices from a guinea. They are made of special porous Tullastex net; this allows the air to circulate freely over the skin, and can be washed repeatedly without losing its shape or resilience. Figures soon respond to the gentle control, and for the sports-woman these garments are ideal, since they do not at all constrict the movements of the body.

An Intriguing Perfume.

Experiments are usually exciting, and one of the most fascinating is to try a new perfume. Saville's "Mischief" has the gay, youthful quality implied in its name, though it may equally well be used by the older woman who appreciates an unusual scent. With its subtle atmosphere of gaiety it is a delightful complement to an evening frock and adds the finishing touch to afternoon ensembles. The perfume should be sprayed lightly with an atomiser. Attractive gift flasks in black and chromium can be obtained at good chemists and stores.



FOR GOLFERS

WELL WORTH READING

... this feature "For Golfers." It covers the more important events of the year with picture and story, and incorporates interesting and instructional articles. Among regular contributors are Berwick Law, Major Sir Guy Campbell, Guy Farrar, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, Peter Lawless and George C. Nash.

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'TERYDE'—A new strap model in Calf skin, with high leather heel.



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35/-



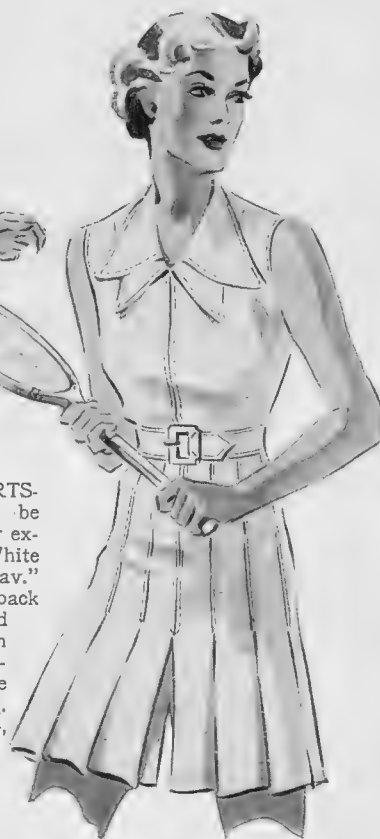
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(Right) This Neat SHORTS-DRESS can be chosen in either excellent quality White Pique or "Lystav." Skirt is pleated back and front, and buttons through the legs underneath to enable easier laundering. Bust Sizes: 34, 36, 38 ins.

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By a Lady of Commerce



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I wear a shoe at last that's sensible and yet these American stylists haven't made it *look* too sensible—I really do feel smart. The special feature* they told me all about—gives a greater treading area and lightens your step—certainly seems to help when you are on the move all day. Am I British—Oh yes, VANI-TRED are British Made alright—in Northampton too.

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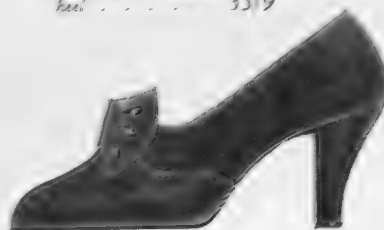
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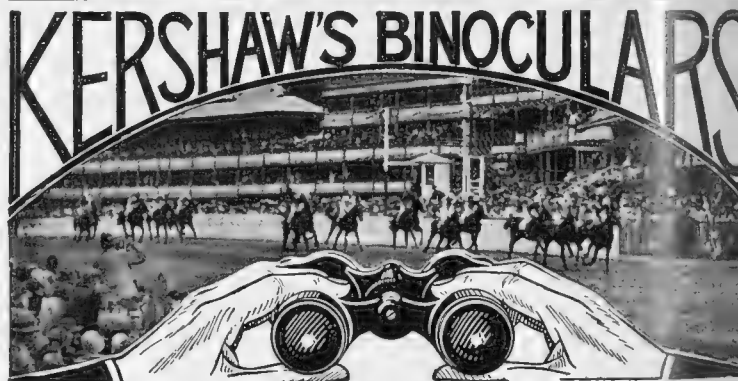
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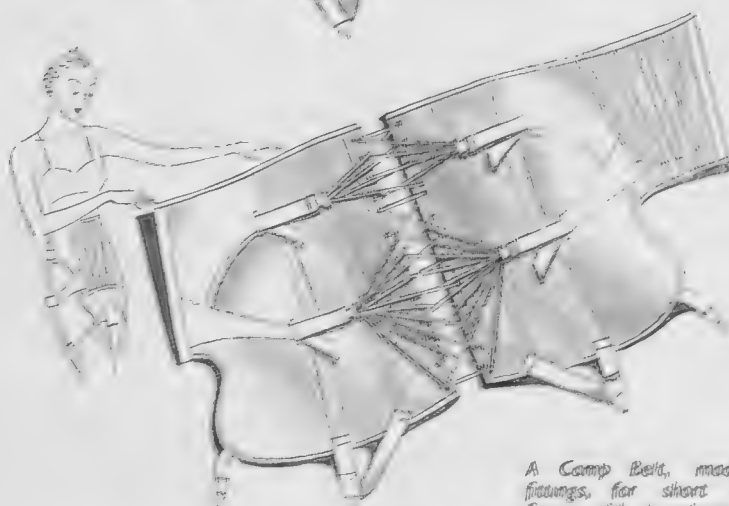
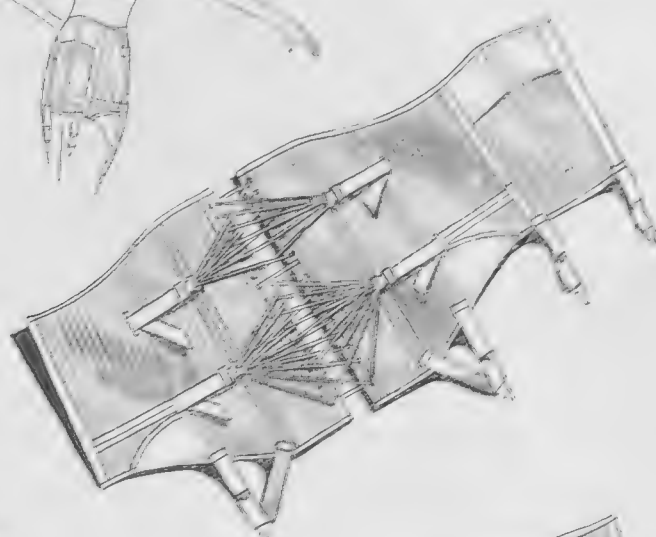
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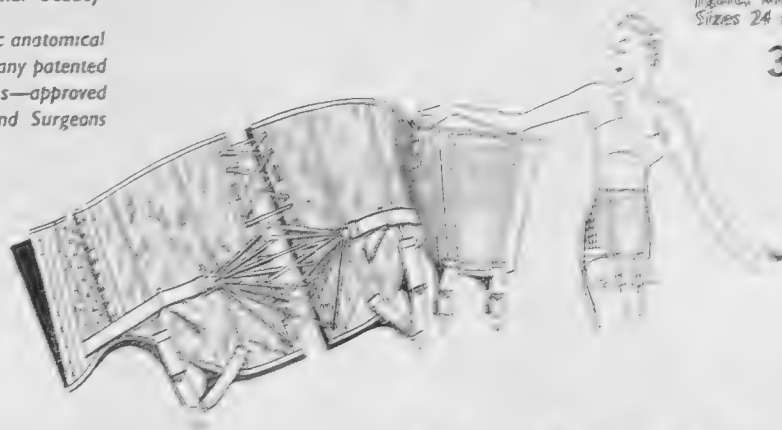
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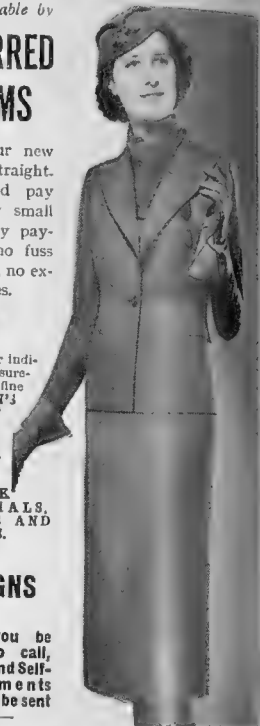
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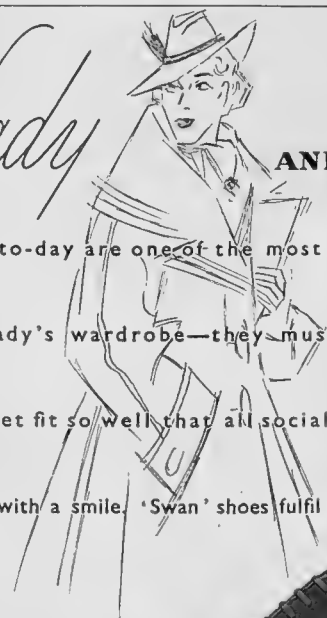
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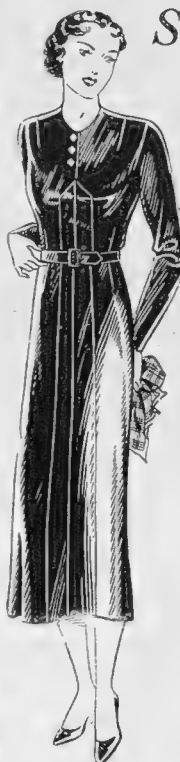
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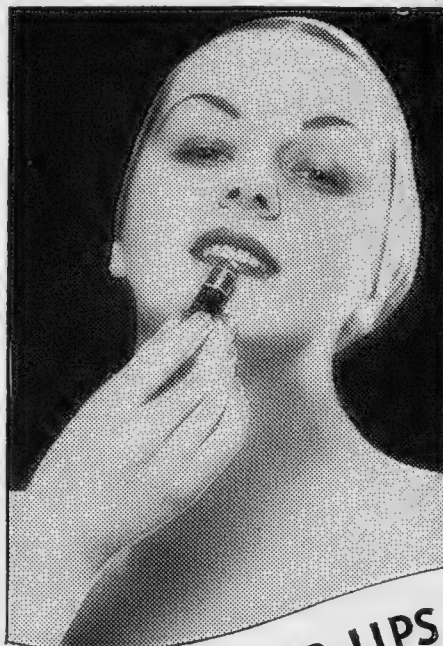
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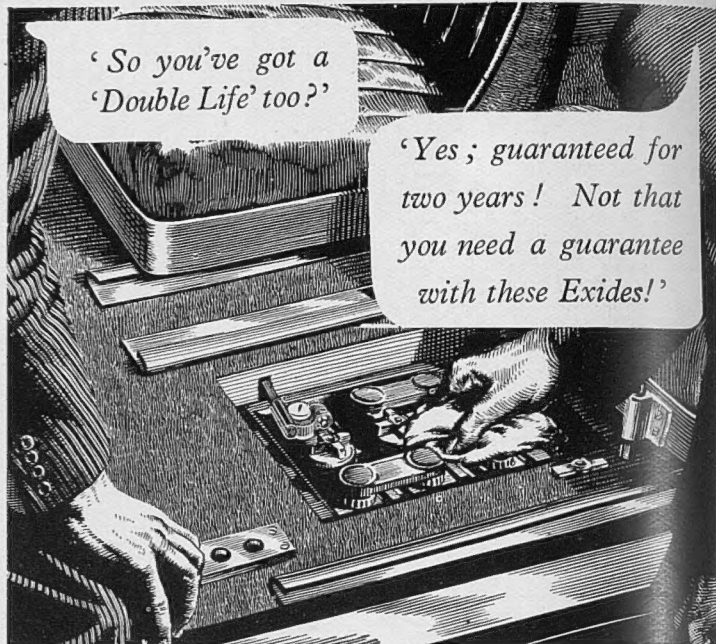


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